THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO.

A TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the KING's Theatre.

Written by *Elkanah Settle*, Gent.

Primos da verſibus annos, Petr. Arb.

LONDON,

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To the Right Honourable *HENRY*, Earl *Norwich*, and Earl-Marſhal of *England*, &c.

My Lord,

THE Impudence of Scriblers in this Age, has ſo corrupted the Original Deſign of Dedications, that before I dare tell you this Trifle begs your Lordſhip's Protection, I ought firſt to examine on what Grounds I make the Attack; for now every thing that e're ſaw the Stage, how Modeſt ſoever it has been there, without daring to ſhew its Face above Three Days, has yet the Arrogance to thruſt it ſelf into the World in Print, with a great Name before it: Where the fawningScribler ſhall compendiouſly ſay, The Factions of Criticks, the ill Time of the Year, and the worſe Acting of the Players, has prejudic'd his Play; but he doubts not, but his Grace, or his Honour's more impartial Judgment will find that pardonable, which the World has ſo Maliciouſly Cenſur'd; that is as much as to ſay, Sir, you are the only Perſon at Court, whoſe blind ſide I dare venture on; not doubting, but your good Nature will excuſe what all the World (except the Author) has juſtly condemn'd. Thus a Dedication, which was formerly a Preſent to a Perſon of Quality, is now made a Libel on him; whilſt the Poet either ſuppoſes his Patron to be ſo great a Sot to defend that in Print, which he hiſt off the Stage; or elſe makes himſelf a greater, in asking a Favour from him, which he ne'er expects to obtain. However, that which is an Abuſe to the Patron, is a Complement to the Bookſeller, who whiſpers the Poet, and tells him; Sir, your Play had Misfortune, and all that ——But if you'd but write a Dedication, or Preface,——The Poet takes the Hint, picks out a Perſon of Honour, tells him, he has a great deal of Wit, gives us an account who writ Senſe in the laſt Age, ſuppoſing we cannot be Ignorant who writes it in this; Diſputes the nature of Verſe, Anſwers a Cavil or two, Quibbles upon the Court, Huffs the Criticks, and the work's done. 'Tis not to be imagin'd, how far a Sheet of this goes, to make a Bookſeller Rich, and a Poet Famous.

But, my Lord, whilſt I trouble you with this kind of Diſcourſe, I beg you wou'd not think I deſign to give Rules to the Preſs, as ſome of our Tribe have done to the Stage; or that I find fault with their Dedications, in Complement to my own. No, that's a Trick I do not pretend to. Beſides, your particular favours, in the publick Honours you have condeſcended to give this Play, and the Author, have heighten'd my Senſe of Gratitude beyond my power of expreſſing it. This Play, which for no other merit, durſt take Sanctuary here, throws it ſelf at your feet, as your own; the ſtory of which, I owe to your hands, and your honourable Embaſſy into *Africa*; and on that ſcore I preſent it to your Patronage, as the *Jews* made their Sacrifices, which we read, took fire from Heaven; the Incenſe was lighted by that Divinity, to whom it was offer'd. Nor is this all I may modeſtly boaſt of: for beſides its noble Birth, you gave it a noble Education, when you bred it up amongſt Princes, preſented it in a Court-Theatre, and by Perſons of ſuch Birth and Honour, that they borrow'd no Greatneſs from the Characters they Acted. Thus has your Lordſhip ſhewed your ſelf ſo great a Friend to the *Muſes*, that as in former Ages the Poet made the Patron; when all that's left of a *Mæcenas*, is, That *Horace* gave him a Name; your Influence on the contrary, makes the Poet. And if this Play Live, or have Succeſs enough to preſerve a Name, 'tis by being your Creature, and enjoying your Smiles: Which is the higheſt Ambition of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obliged, and
Moſt Obedient Servant,

Elkanah Settle.

The firſt Prologue at Court.

Spoken by the Lady ELIZABETH HOWARD.

Written by the Lord MULGRAVE.

I Wiſh you only did expect to Day,
A common Prologue to ſome uſual Play:
For when Young Ladies are to ſpeak to KINGS,
You look that they ſhould ſay no vulgar Things.
'Tis below Us what meaner Actors do;
Either t' excuſe our ſelves, or rail at you.
Nor come you here, as to the common Pit,
With the leaſt hope of finding fault with Wit.
Love's gentler Thoughts poſſeſs the Men of Senſe:
At leaſt it ſhould all be ſo, e'er they go hence.
Gallants, take warning then: 'Tis time to fear,
When Youth and Beauty on the Stage appear.
Thoſe Charms elſewhere are pretty dangerous found;
But here we ſhoot upon a Riſing Ground.
No Heart can 'ſcape we have a mind to hit,
Unleſs 'tis guarded by ſome Eyes i'th' Pit.
To Hearts engag'd our Power does not extend:
And therefore, Sir, to you we humbly bend. [*To the King.*
Yet from your Conſtancy we need not fear;
To all fair Nymphs you keep an open Ear.
No watching Eyes, thoſe ſoft alluring Wiles,
Can hinder you from giving Gracious Smiles.
Now for the Men: Their Praiſe ſhould next be ſhown;
But That, I think, were better let alone.

The Second Prologue at Court.

Spoken by the Lady ELIZABETH HOWARD.

Written by the Lord *ROCHESTER.*

WIT has, of late, took up a Trick t' appear
Unmannerly; or, at the beſt, ſevere.
And Poets ſhare the Fate by which we fall,
When kindly We attempt to pleaſe You all.

'Tis

'Tis hard, your ſcorn ſhould againſt ſuch prevail,
Whoſe Ends are to divert you, tho' they fail.
You Men would think it an ill natur'd Jeſt,
Should we laugh at you when you did your beſt,
Then rail not here, tho' you ſee reaſon for't.
If Wit can find it ſelf no better ſport,
Wit is a very fooliſh thing at Court.
Wit's buſ'neſs is to pleaſe and not to fright;
'Tis no Wit to be always in the right:
You'll find it none, who dare beſo to Night.
Few ſo ill bred will venture to a Play,
To 'ſpy out Faults in what we Women ſay.
For us no matter what we ſpeak; but how,
How kindly can we ſay,— *I hate ye now?*
And for the Men; if you'll laugh at 'em, do;
They mind themſelves ſo much, they'll ne'er mind you.——
But why do I deſcend to loſe a Prayer
On thoſe ſmall Saints in Wit? The God ſits there.
To you (Great Sir!) my Meſſage hither tends, (*To the King.*
From Youth and Beauty your Allies and Friends.
See my Credentials Written in my Face;
They challenge your Protection in this Place:
And hither come with ſuch a Force of Charms,
As may give check even to your Proſp'rous Arms.
Millions of *Cupids* hovering in the Rear,
Like Eagles, following fatal Troops, appear,
All waiting for the Slaughter, which draws nigh,
Of thoſe bold Gazers, who this Night muſt die.
Nor can you 'ſcape our ſoft Captivity,
From which old Age alone muſt ſet you free.
Then tremble at the Fatal Conſequence,——
Since, 'tis well known, for your own part, (Great Prince!)
Gainſt us ſtill you have made a weak defence.——
Be Generous, and Wiſe, and take our Part:
Remember we have Eyes, and you an Heart.
Elſe you may find, too late, that we are Things
Born to kill Vaſſals, and to Conquer Kings.
But oh! to what vain Conqueſt I pretend,
Whilſt Love is our Commander, and your Friend.
Our Victory your Empire more aſſures;
For Love will ever make the Triumph yours.

PRO.

PROLOGUE at the Play-House.

FOR this Days Treatment you have paid too dear.
Your best belov'd Diversion is not here:
All you're now like to have, is a dull Play;
The Wells have stoln the Vizar Masks away.
Now Punk in penitential Drink, begins
To purge the Surfeit of her London Sins.
Their Loves have been o'er-stockt, and but made stop
For a new Tillage tow'rds another Crop.
'Tis seasonable sometimes to forbear:
Alas, it is not Harvest all the Year.
Though heated, they like tatter'd Ships, keep in,
They stay but to Refit, then Launch again.
Be honest then one Day, and patient sit,
With neither bawdy in the Play, nor Pit.
And though thus far you to your loss are come,
What's yet still worse, you must drive empty home.
Nor when Play's done, need the shame-fac'd Debauch
Change the Gilt Chariot for the Hackney Coach.
Then since our sober Audience denies
You furious men of Prey all hopes of Prize:
To see the Play, should be your only Ends;
We'll then presume, you are the Author's Friends.
And tho' you miss your dear delights, you may
Be to the Poet kind, and Clap the Play:
Your Hands are now employ'd no other way.

EPILOGUE;

THis Play, like Country Girl come up to Town,
Long'd to appear fine, in Jewels and rich Gown;
And so,
Hoping it's Pride you Courtiers would support,
To please you, lost its Maiden-head at Court.
Puft with the glitt'ring of your gawdy Charms;
It fear'd to meet no danger in your Arms.
And tho' the harshest Censures be its due;
Yet kinder usage it deserves from you.
A generous Gallant tho' tired and cloy'd,
Should still speak well of what he has enjoy'd.

Should

Should you damn this you would your ſelves reproach,
'Tis barb'rous to defame what you debauch.
Nay, now you've uſt it off, yet do not frown:
Tho' like the Refuge of a Miſs o'th' Town,
It is turn'd common, yours for half a Crown.
'Twas generous at Court and did for Love,
But does for profit to the Stage remove.
Women and Wit on equal ſcores begin;
Love and Affection firſt may make 'em ſin,
They trade for intereſt when they're once got in.
But for you, Sirs, who cenſure but not Write;
Who do in Wit, as ſome in War, delight;
Whoſe Courages do not much care to fight:
But tho' you can't of Scars nor Conqueſts vapour,
You can draw Sieges and take Towns in Paper.
You it will be hard to pleaſe;
Criticks whoſe ſaving and condemning, ſtill
Is not your act of Judgment, but your Will.
Who equal choice in Plays as Fates make,
What you reſolve, not what deſerves ſhall take.
Thus your applauſe reſembles your amours,
Have we not ſeen (Oh loves almighty Powers!)
A Wench with tallow-Looks and winter-Face,
Continue one Mans Favorite ſeven years ſpace?
Some raviſhing knack i'th' ſport and ſome brisk motion,
Keeps the gilt Coach and the gallants Devotion.
Be to this toy thus kind, and you will raiſe
Much better Fancies to write better Plays.
When meaner Faces are us'd kindly by ye,
What power have greater Beauties to deny ye?
So your kind ſmiles advance the Scribling Trade:
To get good Plays you muſt excuſe the bad.

The

The Actors Names.

Muly Labas, Son to the Emperor of *Morocco*	Mr. *Harris.*
Muly Hamet, a Prince of the Royal Blood, Contracted to *Mariamne* and General of the Emperour's Forces.	Mr. *Smith.*
Crimalhaz, a Courtier, and Gallant to the Queen Mother.	Mr *Batterton.*
Hametalhaz, his Confident and Creature, Governor of a Caſtle in *Morocco.*	Mr. *Medbourne.*
Abdelcador, Friend to *Muly Hamet.*	Mr. *Crosby.*
Achmat, an Eunuch.	
Laula, Empreſs of *Morocco*, and Mother to *Muly Labas*, and to *Mariamne.*	Mrs. *Batterton.*
Mariamne, her Daughter.	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Morena, Daughter to *Taffalet.*	Mrs. *Johnſon.*

Villains, Lords, Meſſengers, Prieſts, Maſquers, and other Attendants.

THE

THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO.

The First Act, Scene the First.

Scene opens Muly Labus *appears bound in Chains, attended by Guards.*

Muly L. COndem'd to Fetters, and to Septers born!
'Tis in this Garb unhappy Princes mourn.
Yet Fortune to great Courages is kind;
'Tis he wants Liberty whose Souls confin'd.
My Thoughts out-fly that mighty Conqueror,
Who having one World vanquish'd wept for more:
Fetter'd in Empires, he enlargement crav'd
To the short Walk of one poor Globe enslav'd
My Soul mounts higher, and Fates Pow'r disdains,
And makes me reign a Monarch in my Chains.
But 'tis my Father has decreed my fate;
Yet still he shews his Greatness in his hate.
Thy rage, brave Prince, mean Subjects does despise;
None but thy Son shall be thy Sacrifice.
Enter Morena *bound.*
This dazling Object my weak sight invades:
Such Beauty would make Dungeons lose their shades.

Moren. Remember, Sir, when firſt you were a Gueſt
To *Taffaletta*'s Court, and to my Breaſt,
That I, fond Woman, in a borrow'd ſhape,
Was a Conſpirator in my own Rape,
When in a fatal night, whoſe darkneſs did
Both our Eſcapes, and my faint Bluſhes hide:
With You I fled my Countrey, left a Crown,
Heir only now t'an unkind Fathers Frown;
And now for refuge to *Morocco* come,
We in your Fathers Court receive this doom; [*points to her Chains.*
Our Love from him this Entertainment gains;
We in our Sanctuary meet our Chains:
Our Fathers too have now proclaim'd a War;
By *Taffaletta*'s Arms we are purſu'd.
Our amorous flights like threatning Comets are,
Which thus draw after them a train of Blood.

Muly L. Why do you thus a ſad relation make
Of all that you have ſuffer'd for my ſake,
Unleſs you my Unworthineſs reſent,
And of your miſplaced kindneſſes repent?

Moren. No I recount the Scenes of our paſt ſtorms,
To arm your Fancy for more pleaſing forms;
I come to tell you that your Father's kind,
And has our mutual Happineſs deſign'd.
Of our paſt Woes I have this relation given,
As Purgatory does make way for Heaven.

Muly L. This does diſperſe my Fears, checks my Diſpair.
And has my Father —— Shall we then ——and are
Our Loves and Hopes—— Oh my unruly Joy
Which does my Thoughts ſo in their Birth deſtroy,
That my diſorder'd Words no form can bear!
Speak then what You would ſay, and I would hear.

Moren. He has pronounc'd ſuch great and glorious things,
As are fit only for the Breath of Kings:
Our happy Paſſion he ſo far approves,
That ere three days expire he'l crown our Loves.
Know then, to grant our Souls a ſtricter Tye,
He has decreed —— we ſhall together Dye.

Muly L. How are my viſionary Dreams retir'd,
And my fond Hopes in the Embrace expir'd

Mor. That day my Father *Taffaletta*'s Arms
To this proud City give their firſt Alarms,
His Standard fixt before *Morocco*'s Walls,
Muly Labas and his *Morena* falls.
He for my Murder does this reaſon plead,
He will preſent my Father with my Head

That

That ſudding Blow, which he deſigns for you,
'Tis your ſuſpected treaſon prompts him too:
And the ſame Jealouſie that made his Breath
Decree your Chains, makes him pronounce your Death.
Muly L. I Freely at his feet my Life will throw;
Life is a debt we to our Parents owe.
But die ſuſpected! Can he think ſo foul
A Thought as Treaſon harbours in his Soul,
Which does *Morena*'s ſacred Image bear!
No ſhape of ill can come within her Sphear.
But muſt *Morena* fall? when e're ſhe bleeds,
He no ſeverer a Damnation needs,
Thaat dares pronounce the Sentence of her Death,
Than the Infection that attends that Breath.
Moren. Hold, Sir, and your unmanly fears remove,
And ſhew your Courage equal to your Love:
Let us to Death in ſolemn Triumph go,
As to the nobler Nuptials of the two:
For when we'er dead, and our freed Souls enlarg'd,
Of Natures groſſer burdens we're diſcharg'd
Then gentle as a happy Lovers Sigh,
Like wandring Meteors through the Air wi'l fly;
And in our airy Walk, as ſubtil Gueſts,
We'l ſteal into our cruel Fathers Breaſts,
There read their Souls, and track each Paſſion ſphear,
See how Revenge moves there, Ambition here:
And in their Orbs view the dark Characters
Of Sieges, Ruins, Murders, Blood and Wars.
We'll blot out all thoſe hideous Droughts, and write
Pure and white forms; we'll with a radiant light
Their Breaſts incircle, till their Paſſions be
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy;
Till ſoften'd by our Charms their Furies ceaſe,
And their Revenge diſſolves into a Peace.
Thus by our Death appeas'd, their Quarrel ends:
Whom Living we made Foes, Dead we'll make Friends.
Muly L. Oh generous Princeſs! whoſe couragious Breath
Can ſet ſuch glorious, Characters on Death:
The ancient World did but too modeſt prove.
In giving a Divinity to Love.
Love the great Pow'r oth' higher World controuls,
Heaven but creates, but Love refines our Souls.

Enter to them Q. Mother weeping.

Q. *Moth.* Oh Son! your Royal Father———
Muly L. ——— Hold! your Tears
Confound my hopes. O my preſaging fears!

Has he —— it cannot be—— has he decreed——
Morena muſt not, no, ſhe ſhall not bleed:
The Skies would bluſh when that bold deed were done,
And look more red than at a ſetting Sun.
Q. Moth. 'Tis not *Morena* who is doom'd to dy.
Muly L. Has he decreed I ſhall her place ſupply?
If ſo, thanks my kind Father, thou haſt done
The only deed that could oblige a Son:
If I to ſave your Life reſign my own [*to* Morena
I ſhall more glorious ſhine than on his Throne.
Q. Moth. That object which your Mothers tears procures
Is your great Fathers ſudden fate, not yours.
Muly L. My Father! ha!
Q. Moth —— is dead Juſt as he ſat
Pronouncing yours and your *Morena*'s fate;
A ſudden Check his haſty Breath controul'd,
He ſtartled, trembled, and his Eye-balls rould,
His wandring fears, his unſhap'd thoughts ſupply'd
With horrors; then *Muly Labas* he cry'd,
Forgive what my miſtaken Rage has done,
In peace poſſeſs thy Miſtreſs and my Throne:
Then with his dying Breath his Soul retir'd,
And in a ſulling ſigh his Life expir'd.
Muly L. The Emperour dead! and with his dying breath
Did he *Morena* to his Son bequeath;
He in this Gift a Father has out-done,
And robs me of the Duty of a Son;
For thoſe juſt Tears, which Nature ought t'imploy,
To pay my laſt Debt to his Memory,
The Crowning of my Paſſion diſallows;
Grief ſlightly ſits on happy Lovers Brows.

Enter Crimalhaz *and* Hametalhaz, *with Attendants.*
All. Long live *Muly Labas* Emperor of *Morocco.* *A Shout within.*
Crim. Welcome, brave Prince, to your great Fathers Crown,
Advancing from a Priſon to a Throne:
The City does in one full ſhout concur,
And in one voice proclaim you Emperour:
Yet, Sir your Freedom muſt not reach ſo far,
But this fair Princeſs Chains you ſtill muſt wear.
The Sun, Great Sir, muſt in one circuit view
Your Coronation and your Nuptials too.
Muly L. Enjoy a Throne, and my *Morena* wedd!
A Joy too great were not my Father dead.
The Force of one the others Pow'r controuls:
Heav'n fits our ſwelling Paſſions to our Souls.

When

When ſome great Fortune to mankind's convey'd
Such Bleſſings are by Providence allay'd.
Thus Nature to the World a Sun creates,
But with cold Winds his pointed Rays rebates.

Exeunt Muly L. *leading* Morena.

Q. Moth. Beſotted in thy Love and Empires Charms,
Sleep, and grow dull in your *Morena*'s Arms.
'Twas not for this I rais'd thee to a Crown,
Poiſon'd the Father to enthrone the Son:
Hadſt thou been ripe for Death, we had decreed,
Thou ſhouldſt him in his Fate, not Throne, ſucceed:
Thy early growth we in thy Chains had cruſht,
And mix'd thy Aſhes with thy Fathers Duſt.
But live, fond Boy: to manage our Deſign,
We firſt muſt thy Great General undermine.
They, who by Policy a Crown purſue,
Snatch at one Gaſp the Sword and Scepter too.
Then we'll with eaſe depoſe an Armleſs King:
Men ſport with Serpents when they've loſt their Sting.
When our Deſigns to the full height ſucceed
I'le place the Crown Imperial on your Head. [*to* Crimalhaz.
Sir, of your Progreſs a Relation make,
How died the King; how did the Poiſon take?

Crim. With ſafety I accompliſh'd your deſire;
For Hell and Night did in the deed conſpire.
As if He by ſome ſecret inſtinct knew
The fatal Potion had been ſent by you:
Up from his ſeat he roſe and ſighing cried,
O unkind *Laula*! and then groan'd and died.
His Death ſo much of horror did preſent,
I curſt my Hand for being the Inſtrument:
A ſtrange unuſual trembling ſhook my Heart,
As that Magician, whoſe infernal art,
Raiſing a Viſion, is with Terrors ſeiz'd
At th' Apparition his own Charms have rais'd.
Have you conſider'd Madam what you've done;

Q. M. Poiſon'd my Husband, Sir, and if there need
Examples to inſtruct you in the deed,
I'll make my Actions plainer underſtood,
Coppying in his Death and all the Royal Blood.

Crim. The Falls of Kings are heavy, and on You—

Q. M. Hold, Sir, ſure you have drunk the Poiſon too,
That thus your Blood grows cold, and your faint Breaſt
Is with ſuch dull and ſtupid Fears poſſeſt.

A State-

A Statſ-mans Breaſt ſhould ſcorn to feel remorſe
Murder and Treaſon are but things of courſe.
Crim. I am a Convert, Madam, for kind Heaven,
Has to mankind immortal Spirits given,
And Courage is their Life, but when that ſinks.
And to tame Fears and Coward-faintneſs ſhrinks,
We the great Work of that bright Frame deſtroy,
And ſhew the World, that even our Souls can dy.
By your Examples I'll great Deeds purſue:
My Thoughts ſha'nt ſtart at what my Hand dares do.
Hamet. Madam, as Agents in this great Deſign,
Zibdy Morat and *Abdrahamon* joyn;
They the Kings Ears will with ſuch Whiſpers fill,
As ſhall the Poyſon Jealouſie inſtill:
And by ſuch ſublitiy his Breaſt infect.
Till he his Generals Loyalty ſuſpect.
Crim. Then to promote Suſpition we'll proclaim
His Generals high Courage, Pow'r and Fame;
His Armies Love, and his great Spirit praiſe:
And to that pitch his heighten'd Virtues raiſe,
That their perfection ſhall appear their Crime,
As Giants by their Height do Monſters ſeem.
Q. M. Brave *Crimalhaz*! thy Breaſt and mine agree
Now thou art worthy of a Crown and Me.
And by ſuch Arts I'll my Sons Breaſt invade
Till his fond Duty has his Life betray'd,
Till by my means we have his Army gain'd,
And have remov'd the Sword into your Hand:
And then we publickly and ſafely may
Our Bloody Enſigns to the World diſplay:
His Pow'r once gone, we'l act his Death in ſtate,
And daſh his Blood againſt his Palace Gate.
Great Deeds ſhould in the open day be done,
As Sacrifices offer'd to the Sun.
Crim. But till theſe mighty Actions ripen'd are
We muſt the borrow'd Looks of Friendſhip wear.
Q. M. To flatt'ring lighting our feign Smiles conform,
Which back'd with Thunder, do but guild a Storm. [*Exeunt*

Finis Actus primi.

Act the Second, Scene the Firſt.

The Scene opened, is repreſented the Proſpect of a large River, with a glorious Fleet of Ships, ſuppoſed to be the Navy of Muly Hamet, *after the Sound of Trumpets and the Diſcharging of Guns.*

Enter King, Young Queen, Hametalhaz *and Attendants*

Hamet. GReat, Sir, Your Royal Fathers General
Prince *Muly Hamet*'s Fleet does homward ſail,
And in a ſolmen and triumphant Pride
Their Courſe up the great River *Terſift* guide,
Whoſe guided Currents do new Glories take
From the Reflection his bright Streamers make:
The Waves a Maſque of Martial Pageants yeild,
A flying Army on a floating Field.
Order and Harmony in each appear,
Their lofty Bulks the foaming Billows bear.
In ſtate they move, and on the Waves rebound,
As if they danc'd to their own Trumpet ſound:
By Winds inſpired, with lively Grace they roul
As if that Breath and motion lent a Soul.
And with that Soul, they ſeem taught Duty too,
Their Topſails lowr'd, their Heads with Reverence bow,
As if they would their Generals Worth enhance,
From him, by inſtinct, taught Allegiance.
Whilſt the loud Cannons eccho to the ſhore,
Their flaming Breaths ſalute You Emperor.
From their deep Mouths he does your Glory ſing:
With Thunder, and with Light'ning, greets his King.
Thus to expreſs his Joys, in a loud Quire
And Conſort of wing'd Meſſengers of fire
He has his Tribute ſent, and Homage given,
As men in Inſenſe ſend up Vows to Heaven.

Enter Muly Hamet *and* Abdelcador, *Attended, introduced with a Flourſh of Trumpets*: Muly Hamet *kneels to the King.*

King. Welcome true owner of that Fame you bring,
A Conquerour is a Guardian to a King.
Conqueſt and Monarchy conſiſtent are;
'Tis Victory ſecures thoſe Crowns we wear.

Muly. Hamet. In all that Sword you lent me has ſubdu'd,
I only, Sir, my Duty have purſu'd:
And acts of Duty merit no applauſe,
I owe my Lawrels to my Royal Cauſe.

My

My Actions all are on your Name enroull'd,
Since 'tis from you my Conqu'ring Pow'r I hold.
Hametal. But in *Morocco* his high Pride may find
His Name leſs glorious, and his Stars leſs kind. [*Aſide.*
Muly Hamet. Sir, your victorious Arms are doub'ly crown'd,
On Sea and Land the ſame ſucceſs have found:
When firſt our greeting Navies did ſalute,
And in the rage of Flames our Cauſe diſpute:
The Trains of Fire our fatal Guns did make
Did the fierce ſhape of blazing Comets take:
Our meeting Heat ſuch fury did contract,
That Comets can but threaten what we act.
But when the Day had a ſpectator been,
And the whole Progreſs of this Parley ſeen,
Led by your Genius, fate their Side forſook,
Some of their Ships I ſunk, and ſome I took.
But when the interpoſing ſhades of Night
Aſſiſted them in their diſorder'd flight,
I made their Fleet to Conqueſt light my way,
With burning Ships made Beacons on the Sea.
King. Kind Fate in giving you ſo great Succeſs,
Could ſcarce grant more nor did You merit leſs.
Muly H. Their Arms who have at Sea victorious been
Do but the Out-works of an Empire win.
Then to compleat, what on the Sea before
I'd but begun, I landed on their Shore.
Abdelc. Saphee and *Salli*, *Mugadore*, *Oran*,
The fam'd *Arzille*, *Alcazer*, *Tituan*,
Which the Uſurper *Gayland*'s Pow'r poſſeſt,
Thoſe his Sword conquer'd, and his Fame the reſt:
For the leſs Cities at his Names ſurpriſe,
Yielding made Crowds of bloodleſs Victories,
Your Arms againſt your Foes ſo much have done,
They feel the Heat though the fierce Fire be gone.
Muly H. And now ——
Hearing whoſe Force *Morocco* will invade,
I have brought home your Army to your aid.
T. Q. Valour and Fate ſuch juſt ſucceſs allow.
As firmly place the Laurel on your Brow,
Whoſe very Looks ſo much your Foes ſurpriſe.
That you, like Beauty, conquer with your Eyes.
But, *Muly Hamet*, now your Sword muſt be
Imploy'd in a more Cruel Victory;
Againſt Invaders You your Force muſt lead,
And meet my Father in an Army's Head:

But the rough hand of War more gentle make,
And ſpare his Blood for his *Morena*'s ſake.
Muly H. We only do aſpire to this great end,
To make your Father not our Prize, but Friend.
King. Should Fortune Crown our Forces with Succeſs,
Our Arms, though Conquering, ſhall not make him leſs.
Enter Mariamne, *attended*.
Muly H. Now I'm Conqueror *Mariamne*'s Name alone
Has Triumph in't; I from this hour am made
Greater than if I wore thoſe Crowns I won;
My Laurels too without your Beams would fade.
Mari. If *Mariamne*'s Eyes, great Sir, can give
Your Laurels Life, ſhe grants them leave to live.
Muly H. Oh my full Joys!
Mari. I come, as one of the Admiring Crowd,
To welcome him whoſe Actions ſpeak ſo loud.
Muly H. Madam, my Deeds can reach no higher Fame,
Than that you precious Breath gives 'em a Name.
Mari. No doubt but War and the harſh ſound of Arms
Has from your Boſom chas'd Loves ſofter Charms:
Your Thoughts, accuſtom'd now to Martial Toils,
Court only Honour, dreſt in ſavage Spoils.
Muly H. No, Madam, War has taught my hands to aim
At Glory, to deſerve a Lovers Name;
Since my Ambition has your Heart purſu'd,
I Conquer Crowns to make my Title good:
Whoſe narrow thoughts to leſſer objects move;
His Soul wants room to entertain your Love.
King. Sir, to requite you with a Crown would be
Too mean Reward, Crowns you've beſtow'd on me:
To ſpeak my thanks and gratitude more large,
That vaſter debt I owe ſhe ſhall diſcharge.
To pay what ſo much merit does require,
I do command you love, where I admire. [*To* Mari.
Muly H. Though *Mariamne's* Love appear'd before
The higheſt Happineſs Fate had in ſtore,
Yet when I view it, as an Offering
Made by the hand of an obliſting King,
It takes new Chams, looks brighter, lends new heat.
No objects are ſo Glorious or ſo Great,
But what may ſtill a greater form put on,
As Optick Glaſſes magnifie the Sun.
Enter Crimalhaz, *Shouts within*.
Crim. Your Subjects wait with eager Joys to pay
Their Tribute to your Coronation day.

King. You are arrived a welcome Gueſt, to ſhare
Thoſe Ceremonies which their Joys prepare; [*To* Muly H.
Your Preſence to their ſolemn Rites will grant
That Ornament which this days Triumphs want:
What more could their impatient wiſhes meet,
Then in one day a King and Conqueror greet?
Whilſt they behold Triumphant on one Throne
The Wearer and Defender of a Crown.
Lead on———

Muly H. Lead on, and all that kneel to you,
Shall bow to me. This Conqueſt makes it due. [*To* Mariamne.

[*Exeunt all but* Crimalhaz.

Crim. Dull Soldier, in thy Victories go on,
And live to ſee me wear the Crowns you won.
Let Cowards to their Fathers Thrones advance,
Be Great and Powerful by Inheritance.
No Laurels by deſcent my Brow adorn;
But what gains Crowns. I am to Courage born,
Ambition is the riſe of Souls, like mine.
Thoſe Wreaths my Birth does want, my Brain ſhall win.
They in advance to Greatneſs glorious prove,
Who out of the dull track of Birth-right move.
Birth-right, the Prop of an unpurchas'd Name,
A weak Alliance to an elder Fame.
No Glory by deſcent is never worn;
Men are to Worth and Honour Rais'd, not Born. [*Exit.*

The Scene opened.

A State is preſented, the King, Queen, and Mariamne *ſeated,* Muly Hamet, Abdelcador, *and Attendants, a* Mooriſh *Dance is preſented by* Moors *in ſeveral Habits, who bring in an artificial Palm-tree, about which they dance to ſeveral antick Inſtruments of Muſick; in the intervals of the Dance, this Song is ſung by a* Mooriſh *Prieſt and two* Mooriſh *Women; the Chorus of it being performed by all the* Moors.

1. Stanza.

NO Muſick like that which Loyalty ſings,
A Conſort of Hearts at the Crowning of Kings:
There's no ſuch delightful and raviſhing ſtrain,
As the Ecchoes and Shouts of Long Live and Reign.
Long live and reign, long live and reign,
No ſhouts ſo delightful, as, Long Live and Reign.
Long live and reign, &c. Chorus.

Stanza. 2.

2. Stanza.

No Homage like what from Loyalty ſprings,
We'll kneel to our Gods, but we'll die for our Kings:
We'll pay that Devotion our Lives ſhall maintain:
No raiſing of Alters, like Long Live and Reign.
Long live and reign, long live and reign,
No raiſing of Altars, like Long Live and Reign.
Long live, &c.

After the Dance.

King. They have paid theirs, now I my debts will pay,
Sir, the next Sun ſhall ſee your Nuptial day,
We, who would beſt great Services requite,
Do firſt our Friendſhips, then our Bloods unite:
And that your hands may more ſolemnly join,
Our Royal Mothers Gift ſhall ſecond mine.

Y. Queen. Her gentle Breath already, from juſt Fame,
Has kindly entertain'd your glorious Name;
And in that dreſs, you as a Conqueror may
To her a more than welcome Viſit pay.

King. But ſince the ſorrows of the Mourning Queen,
For our late Father, make her keep unſeen,
Let this conduct you. [*Gives him a Ring.*

Muly H. I am here more bleſt——
Than if I an Imperial Seat poſſeſt.
Whilſt in your Breaſt an Empire I obtain, [*To* Mari.
Not only Kings, but Gods unenvied reign.
Beauty would almoſt Infidels create,
Who, beyond Love, can wiſh a higher ſtate?

[*Exeunt all but* Abdelcador.

Abdelc. O Charming Sex!——
How vaſt a Circle does thy Magick take?
The higheſt Spirits humbleſt Lovers make.
All that Heroick Greatneſs, which but now
Made haughty Foes and ſtubborn Nations bow,
Turns Vaſſal to a Smile, a Looks diſguiſe:
Who conquer thouſands are one Womans Prize.
Fate ſets Commanding Beauty in their way,
Beauty that has more God-like Pow'r than they:
Love o're the Hearts of yielding Heroes ſports;
Who're Conquerours in Camps, are Slaves in Courts. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus ſecundi.

ACT the Third. SCENE the Firſt.

Enter Muly Hamet, *SCENE the Palace.*

Muly H. 'TIs now our Royal Mothers Breath muſt bind
That ſacred tie of Love my King has ſign'd,
And Providence has ſeal'd: make her but kind. [*Exit.*

SCENE a Bed-Chamber.

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Crimalhaz *and Queen Mother ſleeping on a Couch a Table ſtanding by, with* Crimalhaz', *Plume of Feathers, and his drawn Sword upon it.*

Re-enter Muly Hamet.

Muly H. Laula in *Crimalhaz* his Arms aſleep!
Ha! Does ſhe thus for her dead Husband weep?
Oh fond and amorous Queen! has Luſt ſuch Charms,
Can make her flie to an Adulterers Arms?
His Sword drawn for his Guard, —— [*Spies the Sword.*
But he ſhall die. — No, he ſhall wake, and know
The Juſtice and the hand that gives the blow:
Should I deſcend to a Revenge ſo baſe,
His death unarm'd my glory would deface:
I will reſtore the Traytors Sword; for ſtill
I have been taught to conquer thoſe I kill.
Well, as a Witneſs of his Crime, his Sword
I'll take, which when we meet ſhall be reſtor'd.
Then ſecretly, but honourably too,
My hand ſhall act what to his guilt is due.
For, leſt I ſhould my Queens diſgrace proclaim,
I'll right her wrongs, but I'll conceal her ſhame. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes to an Anti-Chamber.

Muly Hamet *re-enters with the ſame ſword, and in paſſing over the Stage is overtaken by the King.*

King. Muly Hamet! ſtay.
Muly H. The King!
King. What have you there?

Muly H.

Muly H. Curſt chance! what ſhall I ſay? [*aſide.*
King. You thus appear
To've left left the Field to gather Laurels here.
Who is the Man that has this honour gain'd,
To be ſubdu'd by ſuch a gen'rous hand?
Tell me.
Muly H. Your Royal pardon.
King. No, proceed.
If you have kill'd him, I forgive the deed;
Who e'er againſt you durſt his Sword unſheath
Has juſtly from your hand deſerv'd his death.
Muly H. No, Sir, he lives, and lives unvanquiſh too.
King. How, lives!
Muly H. Oh do not your demands purſue.
Urge me no more, nor force me to reveal
The only thing my honour wou'd conceal.
King. How, *Muly Hamet*, durſt you act that thing
You dare not utter to your Friend and King.
Muly H. My Kings eſteem I by my ſilence loſe,
And ſpeaking I his Mothers ſhame expoſe. [*aſide.*
King. Speak, if you can by Friendſhip be conjur'd.
Whoſe is it?
Muly H. Sir, 'tis *Crimalhaz* his Sword.
King. How *Crimalhaz*! Are you newly from
Th' apartment of my Royal Mother come?
In what defenceleſs Garb did you ſurpriſe
Him there, that you diſarm'd him with ſuch eaſe?
We o'er our Womens honours ſet ſuch eyes,
That the Seraglio all acceſs denies.
Who enters there without my ſignet dies.
Muly H. Her ſhame too openly will be deſcry'd;
His Jealouſie will find what I would hide. [*aſide.*
King. A ſudden fancy does my breaſt inflame,
Something ſo ſtrange, as I want words to name:
But ſhe's my Mother, and I dare not gueſs———
Yet ſhe's a Women, and I can no leſs
Than ſtart at horrors which my honours ſtain.
Confuſion! and was *Crimalhaz* the man?
Muly H. Oh! Sir, what has my forc'd Obedience done?
Againſt a Mother I've incens'd a Son.
Your Princely brow let no diſorders change,
Let my hand, Sir, your diſturb'd Peace revenge.
King. No, *Muly Hamet* has a Sword too good
To be defil'd with an Adulterers blood.
He t' an ignobler Fate ſhall be condemn'd.
I'll make him infamous, low, and contemn'd.

Diſ-

Disrob'd of all his Titles he shall bleed,
Like a Crown'd Victim to an Alter led,
Whose Wreaths and Garlands to the fire are cast,
And then the naked Sacrifice falls last.
That sinking States-man undergoes the worst
Of Deaths, whose honours and whose power dies first. [*Exit* King.

Muly H. This was the only chance could shake my Fame.
Oh weak Foundations of a glorious name!
I from the Field do a Crown'd Conquerer come,
To turn a base informer here at home:
Yet nothing is so bright but has some Scars;
Men can through Glasses find out spots in Stars. (*Exit.*

The Scene changes again to the Queen Mothers Bed-Chamber, where she and Crimalhaz *appear hand in hand; she in a morning dress.*

Crim. Love acts the part of tributary Kings:
As they pay homage to their Conqueror;
Our kind embraces are but offerings
Of tribute to triumphant Beauty's pow'r.

Q. M. Great Spirits Rivals are to Gods, and can,
Were all the World like me, their Heaven unman:
We'd antidate our bliss, not stay to move,
Like Pageant-Saints, to airy seats above:
We'd here below enjoy our chiefest good,
And reap delights which they ne're understood.

Crim. Ha! my Sword gone! Madam we are betray'd.

Q. M. Whose he that dares our Privicy invade?

Crim. Some fatal Eye our interview has seen.

Q. M. Who e're has seen us, knows I am a Queen.
That powerfull word his silence does demand;
'Tis blasphemy to name, nay understand
What Princes act.——

Crim. Ho! *Achmat*, *Achmat*,——

Enter Achmat.

——What bold Man has been
Admitted to the Apartment of the Queen?

Ach. Prince *Muly Hamet*.

Q. M. Ha! by whose command?

Ach. The Royal Signet from the Kings own hand
Gave him admittance.

Q. M. But, rude slave, how durst
You violate what I commanded first?
Know, Traytor, I am Mother to a King:
His pow'r subordinate from me does spring.

My orders therefore ſhould unqueſtion'd ſtand,
Who gave him breath, by which he does Command.
What my Commands have miſt, this ſhall make good.
Princes are by their Deeds beſt underſtood.

[*Stabs the Eunuch, who falls and dies.*

Crim. Fall, and in death all hopes of mercy loſe,
Who durſt the ſecrets of your Queen diſcloſe:
Cloſets of Princes ſhould be held Divine,
As a Saints preſence Conſecrates his ſhrine:
And Princes pleaſures ſhould alliance hold
With their great power, be free and uncontroul'd.

Q. M. Is it not pity now———
That grave Religion, and dull ſober Law
Should the high flights of Sportive Lovers awe?
Whilſt for the loſs, of what's not worth a Name,
The ſlight excurſions of a wanton flame,
You muſt your ruin meet, and I my ſhame:
And yet we muſt not at our dooms repine;
Becauſe Law and Religion are Divine.
Yes, they're Divine; for they're ſo over-good,
I'm ſure they ne'er were made by fleſh and blood.
But ſince 'tis paſt, what does your Courage think?
You will not ſhake at what I ſcorn to ſhrink.

Crim. No, though I loſe that head which I before
Deſign'd ſhould the *Morocco* Crown have wore:
Yet what's the fear of Tortures, Death, Hell? Death,
Like a faint Luſt, can only ſtop the Breath.
Tortures weak Engines that can run us down,
Or skrew us up till we are out of tune.
And hell, a feeble, puny cramp of Souls:
Such infant pains may ſerve to frighten fools.
Fates, if I'm doom'd your mark, I'll ſtand you fair;
Nor will I for your Favours loſe a Pray'r.

Q. M. A pray'r, devotion and a States-man! no,
The pow'rs above are titular below:
Stars are all Eye, and when great deeds are done
All their faint lights are but bare lookers on.
Now thou art brave, none but a heart above
The ſhock of Fortune, could deſerve my Love:
But fear no danger, to our aid I'll call
My Arts and Fiends in Hell to ſtop our Fall.
To this I'll for our ſafety take recourſe:
Through your right hand this fatal Dagger force:
Then leave the Conduct of the deed to me;
Fate dares no leſs than my Protector be.

[*Here* Crimalhaz *ſtabs himſelf in his right Arm, which immediately appears bloody.*

Crim.

Crim. 'Tis done. [*Throws away the Dagger.*

Enter to them the King, *and* Huly Hamet.

King. May Heaven forgive my Eyes, that they have ſeen
This Object in a Mother and a Queen.

Q. M. Oh Son! be deaf to what will wound your Ear,
Let this black day be cancell'd from the year.
But if your Juſtice muſt his faults purſue,
Impoſe on me what to his guilt is due.

Muly H. See how ſhe treats her ſhame; Madam, I wiſh
Your Virtues greater or your Birth were leſs.

King. Since you have ſullied thus our Royal Blood,
The grounds and riſe of this paſt Crime relate, [*To* Crim.
That, having your offences underſtood,
We, what we can't recall, may expiate.

Crim. Sir, 'twas my fate ——

Q. M. Hold, Sir, the ſtory does to me belong,
A Womans frailty from a Womans Tongue.
Whilſt penſively I in my Cloſet ſate
My Eyes pay'd tribute to my Husbands Fate,
And while thoſe thoughts my ſinking ſpirits ſeiz'd
His Entrance my dejected Courage rais'd:
[*Pointing to* Muly Hamet.
The ſudden objects did new thoughts produce;
My Griefs ſuſpended, lent my tears a truce:
For then I otherwiſe employ'd my Eyes.
Whilſt in his aſpect I read Victories. [*points to* Muly H.
But, *Muly Hamet*, then your cruel Breaſt ——

Muly H. Speak.

Q. M. Let my tears and bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Muly H. What does ſhe mean? my lab'ring thoughts diſpatch.

Q. M. Your Soul and Perſon Nature did ill match.
Such ſavage paſſions and unruly heat,
Lodg'd in your breaſt hold a too glorious ſeat.

Muly H. This myſtick Language does my ſenſe confound.

Q. M. Oh, Sir!

King. This ridling Hiſtory expound.

Q. M. Well, Sir, ſince you will force my, Tongue I muſt
Be to my honour and my Virtue juſt.
Having a while upon each other gaz'd,
He at my ſilence, I his Eyes amaz'd:
Then, *Muly Hamet*, then ——

King. What did he do?

Q. M. Attempt to raviſh me. His alter'd brow
Wore ſuch fierce looks, as had more proper been
To lead an Army with, than Court a Queen.

And as a raviſher I abhor him more
In that black form, than I admir'd before.
But whilſt my Virtue a reſiſtance made
My ſhrieks and cries brought *Achmat* to my aid:
Whilſt th' Eunuch ſtood amaz'd, his Sword he ſnatc'd
And at one ſtroke his wond'ring Soul diſpatch'd.

Muly H. Oh horrour!

Q. M. Then, led by ſome happy chance,
Kind *Crimalhaz* did to my aid advance.

Crim. But being by my ſudden entrance croſt,
And all the hopes of his ſtoln pleaſures loſt,
My ſight did to his ſparkling Eyes inſpire
Such rage, as if his luſt had lent 'em fire:
Though Juſtice in her cauſe did guide my hand,
No Sword could his Victorious arm withſtand:
And when his weapon through my hand run,
Fearing the event of what his rage had done,
He bore away my Sword, a poor pretence,
To turn his Crime upon my Innocence.

Muly H. Falſe and perfidious Traytor! [*To* Crimal.
Sir, to your Royal favours ad one more, [*To the King.*
And I'll quit all that I receiv'd before:
To this Adulterer your leave afford
To vindicate his Treaſon by his Sword;
That Juſtice, by my hand, may give him death,
And ſtifle with his blood his perjur'd breath.

King. Hold, Sir, if you this raſh attempt purſue,
You'll make me think, that what he ſays is true.
This ſubtile myſtery confounds me more
Than the paſt horrour of the deed before.

Crim. Alas, Sir, he who has ſo ſavage been,
To dare abuſe the honour of a Queen,
Eſteeming all leſs Crimes but ſportive things
Could not want words t' abuſe the ears of Kings.

Muly H. Bold Villain———

King. Hold, your paſſions rage command
You in an injur'd Monarches preſence ſtand.

Muly H. Can the eternal Powers ſuch Treachery
Permit? you the great rulers of the Sky,
Sitting thus patient at ſo tame a rate,
In Heavens ſoft eaſe are grown effeminate.
If ſuch loud Crimes your armleſs power out-face,
Your pointleſs Vengeance will your Heaven diſgrace.

Q. M. Had you my breaſt by honour ſought to win,
Yet Love too a pitious Mother, and a mourning Queen,

Had ſounded harſh. But grant that time and love
Could from my boſom my dead Lord remove:
I to your paſſion might ſo juſt have been,
To've met your love, but not i'th' ſhape of ſin.
Muly H. Madam, you may ſay any thing: your Sex
And Birth the vent of my juſt paſſion checks.
Sir, do but hear ——— [*to the King.*
Crim. You may vouchſafe to hear
What you may read more plainly here, and there.
(*Points to the dead Eunuch, and his wounded Arm.*
King. I in this parley too much time beſtow:
Hearing the cauſe, I make the vengeance ſlow.
Guards —— yet I'll hear him ———
Muly H. My ſingle word a vain defence will make
Where ſo much Witneſs and a Mother ſpeak.
But yet Heaven ſees my Innocence; and know
That I am proud this ſhame to undergo.
Believe me, her intended raviſher
Appearing ſo, I take the guilt from her.
Their falſe Impeachments do this comfort bring,
That I may wear that Cloud would ſhade a King.
King. His kind ſoft words do but confirm th' offence,
Men are ne'er loſers for their breaths expence:
But ſtill ſpeak kindeſt when their falls are near,
Not out of generoſity, but fear.
It is enough ſhe Witneſs'd his offence;
Her Virtue ſcorns to accuſe Innocence.
And ſince her blood does run within my Veins,
By inſtinct I know ſhe all that's baſe diſdains.
But if I want more proofs to make it out,
His murder and his wounds remove the doubt.
Muly Hamet, for this guilt our Prophets breath
Has in his ſacred Law pronounc'd your death.
Q. M. His death! [*Surprized.*
But hold! the King will then my cheat deſcry,
I wiſh his death who tamely ſee him die. (*aſide.*
Oh, cruel Sir, that killing breath recall: (*to the K.*
Our holy Prophet dares not ſee him fall,
I'm ſure, had he my Eyes. Heaven cannot ſee
Such Courage bear ſo harſh a deſtiny.
The powers above would ſhrink at what he felt:
His death to tears their Cryſtal Orb would melt.
But ——
If you muſt act what mercy can't prevent,
Inflict — Inflict ſome milder puniſhment.

King.

King. His deeds and ſervice in *Moroco*'s cauſe
May mitigate the rigour of our Laws.
His Army then I to your charge commend,
Her honours Guardian, and our Loyal Friend: (*To* Crim.
Here, bind the Traytor, and convey him ſtrait (*to the Guards.*
To Priſon, there to linger out his Fate:
Till his hard Lodging and his ſlender Food
Allay the fury of his luſtful blood. (*Guards bind* Muly H.

Q. M. Think what impreſſion on my breaſt 'twill make,
To ſee his hands wear Fetters for my ſake.

Muly H. Madam, be ſerious, tell me how ſo foul
A Treaſon gain'd admiſſion to your Soul.

Q. M. My Soul! dull man, what has my Soul to do
In ſuch mean acts as my betraying you!
Murder and Treaſon ——
Without the help of Souls, when I think good,
Such toys I act, as I'm but fleſh and blood.

Muly H. Let not too high your ſcorn of Juſtice ſwell:
Know, Madam, on ſuch Crimes there waits a Hell.

Q. M. Hell! no, of that I corn to be afraid:
I'll ſend ſuch throngs to the infernal ſhade,
Betray, and kill, and damn to that degree,
I'll crowd up Hell till there's no room for me.

In whiſper between Muly Hamet *and Queen Mother.*

King. Here, to the Tower the guarded Pris'ner ſend:
His farther doom from my Commands attend.

Muly H. I for my former ſtate
My homage to your Royal Father paid,
And Monarchs may deſtroy what Monarchs made:
For Subjects glories are but borrowed things,
Rais'd by the favourable ſmiles of Kings:
And at their Authors pleaſure ſhould retire,
And when their breath renounces 'em, expire.
Should I the ſentence of my Sovereign blame,
I ſhould be guiltier than they ſay I am.
But though your frowns declare my Fetters juſt,
Look to what dang'rous hands your pow'r you truſt.
Monarchs do nothing ill, unleſs when they
By their own acts of Grace their lives betray.
When favours they too genrouſly afford,
And in a Treacherous hand miſplace their Sword,
Their bounties in their ruins are employ'd:
Kings only by their Virtues are deſtroy'd.

King. Your Counſels weakly do my ears attract;
You ill teach Virtue which you cannot act.

Live then, till time this ſenſe of horror brings,
What 'tis to raviſh Queens and injure Kings. [*Exeunt* King *and* Muly Hamet *ſeverally*; Muly Hamet *led out by the Guards.*

Q. M. You ſee the Fates do their allegiance know,
And to my powerful breath their conduct owe.
'Tis pity Monarchs are ſo ſcarce ———
Such gen'rous, eaſie, kind, good-natur'd things,
That one faign'd tear can rule the faith of Kings.

Crim. So bravely, Madam, your deſign ſucceeds,
As if the Fates were Vaſſals to you deeds.
That Politician who to Empire climbs,
With Virtues dreſs ſhall beautifie his Crimes.
Our guilded Treaſon thus like Coral ſeems;
Which appears black within its native Streams:
But when diſclos'd it ſees the open Air;
It changes colour and looks freſh and fair. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second. The SCENE a Priſon.

The Scene opens. Muly Hamet *appears bound.*

Muly H. Diſrob'd of all at once! what turns more ſtrange
Can Ages, if an hour can make ſuch Change?

Enter to him Mariamne, *with one Attendant, from whom ſhe takes a Sword, and exit Attendant.*

Kind *Mariamne*!

Mar. Yes, falſe man, the ſame,
Till your bold Luſt had forfeited that Name.
The Daughters eaſie Breaſt would confer
A kindneſs on her Mothers raviſher.

Muly H. Can *Mariamne* think me guilty too?
More than my chains have done your frowns will do:
Mariamne's Eyes out-vie her Brothers power.
I ne're was miſerable till this hour.

Mar. Ungrateful! is your Soul ſo much defaced?
Have I ſo ill a too fond heart miſplaced?
My Rival Mother does my right remove;
And in affront to my rejected Love
Your ſcorn to me you in her ſhame make good,
Forcing her Virtue to prophane my blood.
But, perjur'd man, though you deſerve ſo ill,
Yet you ſhall find me *Mariamne* ſtill.
To my paſt favours I will add one more.
Thus I your freedom and your Sword reſtore.

[*Unbinds him, and gives him the Sword.*

Live,

Live, and in ſafety go, and fly that fate
Which does the unhappy *Muly Hamet* wait.
Muly H. My Sword and Liberty reſtord by you,
To one ungrateful falſe and perjur'd too!
Ah, Madam, if your mercy can confer
Such bounty on a condemned Raviſher;
What noble Favours would your ſmiles diſpence,
If *Mariamne* knew my Innocence?
Mar. Sir, you miſtake my favours: I have lent
Your freedom only as your Baniſhment:
That being releas'd, you might *Morocco* fly,
Remov'd at once both from my heart and Eye.
For ſhould he ſtay———
Something like pity in his cauſe would plead,
Till my faint anger were in triumph led. [*aſide.*
Some rebel thought my ill-fenc'd Heart would win,
And treacherouſly once more let him in.
Go Raviſher, take your offer'd Liberty:
And to ſome barb'rous, unknown Deſart fly,
Where Men have nought but ſhape that's humane; there,
Where Virtue looks more ill than Monſters here.
Converſe with wild and luſtfull Savages:
Live, and inhabit any ſeat—but this. [*Points to her breaſt*
Muly H. Divine, but cruel Princeſs, to whom Heaven
Has all its titles but its knowledge given.
Elſe, like their powers, you could not want a ſence
Of *Muly Hamets* injur'd Innocence.
Can Murders, Rapes, or any barb'rous deed,
Madam, from your Adorers thoughts proceed?
No, Hells Commiſſion does not reach ſo far.
To touch his heart, which does your Image wear.
Mar. Ah, were this true!
Muly H. Witneſs the ſacred powers,
If ought of truth be in a heart that's yours,
Then *Crimalhaz* is falſe. Your Mother too,
(If ought that's ill can be allied to you)
Has ſpoke what *Muly Hamet* durſt not think.
Achmat his death, and *Crimalhaz* his wound,
Not from my Sword, but from their Dagger found:
The Eunuchs blood by their own hand was ſpilt;
To work my ruin, and conceal their guilt.
Mar. (*aſide*) A gentle calm my anger does aſſwage
Creeps cooly o'er my heart, and chills my Rage,
Some ſtrange Divine intelligence is ſtole
Into my breaſt, and whiſpers to my Soul,

Unkind, Suſpicious, Cruel, and Unjuſt;
That Virtue Love had taught him you may truſt.
Muly H. Were I that ſavage raviſher I ſeem,
I ſtill might Father this imputed Crime:
This Priſon, and our private interview,
Giving me power to attempt that force on you.
How dare you then my Out-law'd Virtue truſt,
And lend that freedom which would arm that Luſt?
But did you know how clear my Soul does ſhine,
Unclouded, and ſtill pure enough to enſhrine
Such a Divinity as yours, you'd free
Your ſelf from doubts, as you from chains did me.
Your Mothers eyes cannot your right remove:
To prove the power of *Mariamne*'s Love,
Madam, my profer'd freedom I refuſe:
Flying *Morocco*, I your ſight ſhould loſe;
And rather than be baniſh't from thoſe Eyes,
I can all thoughts of Liberty deſpiſe:
For I in Fetters may your Grace implore,
And make your pity grant one viſit more.
If not your Love, yet your Compaſſion may
Once more, at leaſt, guide your kind ſteps this way.
Gaining your ſight, I can my Chains out-brave,
The Brother's priſ'ner but the Siſters ſlave.
Mar. Enough, brave Prince; my jealouſie forgive;
Virtue ne'er dies, where ſo much Love does live.
Heaven cannot but, like me, think it unjuſt,
That ſo much Virtue ſhould in Fetters ruſt.
But ſince of injur'd Innocence Heaven dares
Be a ſpectator, I'll correct the ſtars.
I will redreſs thoſe wrongs
Which their tame patience lets you ſuffer. Take
Once more your Freedom for your Princeſs ſake.
Fly theſe infected Walls, this barb'rous Town,
Where Virtue mourns under a Tyrants frown.
Before, my Rage your freedom did Command:
But now accept it from a gentler hand.
Kindneſs and Cruelty one doom decree:
None ever puniſh, and reward like me.
Muly H. And muſt I from my Princeſs preſence fly?
Mar. No ſtay.
Muly H. Kind Stars!
Mar. Yes, in my Memory.
Abſent you ſhall in my remembrance reign.
I'll to your Image dedicate this ſhrine. (*Points to her breaſt.*

Enter

Enter King, and young Queen. *To the door.*

Muly H. Madam, your Brother, when he hears my Sword,
And Liberty is by your hand reſtor'd,
May grow incens'd to ſuch a high degree,
To make you ſhare thoſe frowns which threatned me.
And are my thoughts ſo low, to make you run
Thoſe dangers which I by my flight ſhall ſhun?

Mar. Requeſt does with a Miſtreſs pow'r ill ſuit.
Sir, I command that freedom you diſpute.
And, if his ſtubborn Faith to a juſt thought
Of your wrong'd Innocence cannot be wrought:
If his raſh paſſion natures bonds ſhould quit,
And make him both my Sex, and Birth forget;
Remember that you wear a Sword, and you
As you're my Servant, be my Champion too.

Enter to them King, Young Queen, Q. Mother, Crimalhaz, Hametalhaz, *and Attendants.*

King. His Sword, and freedom by her hand retrived!
Surely my Eyes and Ears are both deceived.
How! Rebel, dare you with things ſacred ſport,
Ravith the Mother, and the Daughter Court? [*to* Muly H.
Have you your birth no better underſtood, (*to* Mariam.
Than to be Traytor to your own high Blood?
Since Priſons no reſtraint o'er Luſt can have,
Why did I not confine him to a Grave?

Muly H. 'Tis not long ſince your bounty did deſign
Not on this, but th' hand that gave it, mine.

King. When I deſign'd that, I deſign'd ſhe ſhou'd
Be in a Palace, not a Priſon, woo'd;
Not circled in a Chain, but in a Crown:
Sir, you miſtake a Dungeon for a Throne.

Q. M. Remember, if your memory can prove
So juſt, t' unravel your own Scenes of Love.
Unleſs bleſt Lovers, whoſe deſires are Crown'd,
Mounting ſo high, forget their riſing ground.
Theſe Priſon-walls have Eccho'd to your Sighs,
Conſcious as well of your amours, as his.
No Fetters can Lov's lawleſs power ſuppreſs:
You too have been a Lover in his dreſs.
Some Pity then ſhould to their Loves be ſhown,
For their ſo near reſemblance of your own.
She can forgive his faults, why cannot you?
If love can Pardon, why not honour too?

Mar. Knew you his Innocence, your would approve
Both his juſt Liberty, and my Juſt Love.

But, Sir, you know, I'm Siſter to a King:
And in that name I dare do any thing;
Make where I pleaſe my heart an offering.
Tortures, nor Chains, ſhall not my Love rebate:
I'll ſhare his breaſt, though I ſhould ſhare his Fate.

King. Siſter, your noble Pride has made me kind:
I'll give him that reward which you deſign'd.
Your Courteous hand his freedom did reſtore;
And I'll repeat what you pronounc'd before:
Be gone, and never ſee *Morocco* more.
At the next mornings light, the Suns Eye
Find you within the City-gates you die.
And in the tenth day you loſe your head, if found
Within the Circuit of my Empires bound.

Muly H. Now I am loſt, and all my hopes diſpers'd
This Monſters Villany has done its worſt. (*To* Crimalhaz.
Inhumane, to your Conſcious Soul recall ———

Crim. The tortures which it feels to ſee you fall.

Muly H. No, Traytor.

Crim. Traytor, yes, Sir, I ſhould be
Traytor to Reaſon and Humanity,
Should I not grieve for you.

Muly H. Oh cunning ignorance!
Theſe Traytors walk like mad-men in a Trance:
Seem not to underſtand the Crimes they act.
But from what ſprings, do you your tears extract! [*Aſide to Q. M.*

Q. M. From ſprings ſo deep ſhall ſink thee down to Hell.
I ſhed my tears, as rain in *Egypt* falls,
Sent for no common cauſe, but to foretell (*aſide to him.*
Deſtructions, Ruins, Plagues, and Funerals.
I nee'r dra w tears but when thoſe tears draw Blood.

King. My Juſtice in ſuſpence too long has ſtood.

Q. M. How Juſtice? no your Cruelty, how can
So harſh a doom againſt ſo brave a man
Be Juſtice? view that brow, that charming Eye:
See there the grace and meen of Majeſty.
Can you to Exile then that man Enjoyn,
Whoſe Soul muſt, like his Aſpect, be devine?
Oh Son! [*Weeps.*

King. His Sentance is already paſt;
And now her kindneſs does his ruin haſte.
Be gone, and fly to ſome infected air,
Where poyſons brood, where men derive their Crimes,
Their Luſts, their Rapes, and Murthers from their Climes:
And all the Venome which their Soils do want,
May the Contagion of your Preſence grant.

Muly H.

Muly H. I muſt obey you, and embrace my doom
With the ſame patience Saints do Martyrdom.
Only their ſuffering's a reward they receive;
They die to meet that happineſs I leave:
They die, that in their deaths they Heaven may find:
But in my Princeſs, I leave mine behind.
And my hard Exile does this horrour bring,
I loſe the power to ſerve ſo good a King:
So good, that 'twould as great a bliſs confer
To die for you, as 'tis to live for her.
Since in your Kingdoms limits I'm deni'd
A ſeat may your great Empire ſpread ſo wide,
Till its vaſt largeneſs does reverſe my doom,
And for my Baniſhment the world wants room.

King. I'll hear no more. But for this Audience know
How much you to my gracious Favour owe.
His mercy's great, whoſe patience is ſo ſtrong,
To give a Traytor leave to talk thus long. [*Exeunt King, and young Queen.*

Mar. Farewel for ever. When you're gone, and all
Mariamne ever loved, or ever ſhall ——
She ſees no more; yet by deſpair made juſt,
Let not our heart take leave, though our eyes muſt.
Though you through wild and ſavage Deſarts go,
No place ſo barren but where love may grow.

Muly H. When to your ears ſome gentle breath ſhall bring
The laſt remains of a loſt wretched thing,
That lived as long as he could gaze on you;
And ſhined, till that inſpiring light withdrew.
If Fame vouchſafe words on a wretch ſo poor;
When you ſhall hear I was, but am no more;
In my loſt ſeat let my remembrance ſtay:
Give my Name life, though grief take mine away.
[*Exeunt* Muly Hamet *and* Mariamne *ſeverally.*

Crim. Fate and our wiſhes meet.

Q. M. His exile is not all:
Our Treaſons are not ſafe but in his fall.
He lives, though he be baniſh'd; and the great
Are never fully dark'ned, till they ſet:
This Cloud may paſs, and he ſhine out once more;
But from your hand this favour I implore:
Purſue him out of Town, and in diſguiſe (*to* Hametal.
With ſome diſſembling tale his ears ſurprize;
Till your Confederate Party has gained time
To place an Ambuſcade, and Murder him.

Hamet. Conclude it done.

Q. M. And your next ſtept t' a Throne (*to* Crimal.
Muſt be, dear Sir, to murther my Son.
Crim. His Palace——
And the kind City's love's ſo ſtrong a Guard,
Th' attempt within theſe Walls appears too hard.
Q. M. But what that Bars, this eaſier way ſecures:
His Army, and his Treaſures charge, are yours.
To morrow on the Plain before the Wall,
His Forces you t' a general-muſter call.
Then their Commander you ſhall in their head
His Army to the Mountain *Atlas* lead:
And to ſecure your Flight, to night by ſtealth
Ranſack his Treaſury, ſeize all his Wealth.
At firſt Alarm, this will his Courage damp:
But by ſuch Arts, I his reſolves will ſway;
I'll work him from the Town up to the Camp,
And ſafe into your hands his life betray.
But when your Throne I on his Grave have built,
Remember Love was Author of my guilt.
Crim. This work which we ſo roughly do begin.
Zeal and Religion may perhaps call Sin.
No; the more barb'rous garb our deeds aſſume,
We nearer to our firſt perfection come.
Since Nature firſt made man wild, ſavage, ſtrong,
And his Blood hot, then when the world was young:
If Infant times ſuch riſing valours bore,
Why ſhould not riper Ages now do more?
But whilſt our Souls wax tame, and ſpirits cold,
We only ſhow th' unactive World grows old.
(*Exeunt* Crimalhaz, *and young Queen.*

Hamet. Muly Hamet Bleeds the next.
To him, who Climbs by Blood, no track ſeems hard:
The Sence of Crimes is loſt in the reward.
Aſpirers neither guilt nor danger dread:
No path ſo rough Ambition dares no thread. (*Exit.*

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT

Act the Fourth, Scene the First.

Enter King, *Attended.*

King. HOw! *Crimalhaz* up to the Mountains fled,
And with him the *Morocco* Forces led.
Oh Rebel!
1 *Lord.* Sir, he only does pursue
That Treason which you lent him power to do:
He was your Treasurer, and has made bold
To be too strict a Guardian of your Gold.
All your Crown-Jewels, and your heaps of wealth,
He in the night convey'd away by stealth.
And now ———
Encamp'd on *Atlas* skirts, he by your Gold,
Has rais'd new Forces, and confirm'd the old.
With that he Bribes your Army to his Cause;
And after him new trains of Rebells draws.
King. Oh prophane Gold, which from infectious Earth,
From Sulph'rous and Contagious mines takes birth.
It grew from Poysons, and has left behind
Its native Venome to infect mankind.
Rapes, Murders, Treasons, what has Gold not done?
If it has ever any glory won,
Given to Reward a Virtue, or decreed
T' a Pious use, or Charitable deed;
That sacred power's but borrowed, which it bears,
Let from their Royal Images it wears.

Enter Queen Mother.

2 *Lord.* I am afraid his thoughts fly high, his dreams.
Have little less than Empires for their Themes.
King. On what ill subjects I my Favours cast?
Him high in power, and honours I have plac'd.
Kings bounties act like the Suns courteous smiles,
Whose rays produce kind Flowers on fruitful soyles:
But cast on barren Sands, and baser Earth,
Only breed poysons, and give Monsters birth.
2 *Lord.* Let not too far your fears your Peace molest:
Perhaps you've mis-interpreted his breast.
You know that *Crimalhaz* his high command
Was formerly in *Muly Hamet*'s hand.

He who forced Favours both from Fate and Fame;
Made War a Sport, and Conqueſt but a Game.
And therefore he, perhaps, to act ſome deed
Which *Muly Hamets* glory may exceed.
Has for his Miſtreſs from the common rout
Of the worlds beauties ſingled honour out.
And that which makes him his deſigns diſguſe,
He'll make his flight of honour a ſurprize.

King. No, he's a Traytor, and he'll uſe my power
Not to promote, but to uſurp my Crown.
Power ſwoln to high deſtroys, not guards; as ſhowers,
Luxurious grown, what they ſhould cheriſh, drown.
Our Swords in Loyal hands may act great things:
Be both the glory and defence of Kings:
But when miſplaced, thoſe Arms our ruins be:
As Mountains bulwarks are at Land, but Rocks at Sea.

Q. M. Can you Rebellion fear, or any thing
Who are my Son, and great *Morocco*'s King?
If he be falſe, you can't reſiſt your Fate:
If true, his aim will be to guard your State.
But grant he ſhould ſome Trayt'rous act perform,
Accept my Counſel to divert the Storm.
Up to the Moutains ſtrait, and viſit him.
Your awful ſight may check an ungrown Crime;
Out-face his Treaſon e'er his riſe begin:
Men baſhful are i'th' non-age of a ſin.

King. Madam, your dauntleſs ſpirit would breath fire
To breaſts as cold as Age. I muſt admire
Your Courage: but your Innocence miſtakes.
Your goodneſs in my Cauſe weak Judgment makes,
Your thoughts can't reach the flights which Treaſon takes.

Q. M. You've hit my thoughts: Alas, I am too good,
Treaſon's a thing I never underſtood.
But yet I underſtand what's high and brave.
He dares not, Sir, abuſe that power you gave.
For he who ſav'd my honour, will guard yours:
That very Argument your Life ſecures.
Then truſt to Fortune and my Counſel. Go,
And viſit him; but wear no jealous brow:
It makes men falſe to be ſuſpected ſo.
I'll be your Leader.

King. When ſhe leads the way,
Though it were death to go, 'twere worſe to ſtay,
Madam, I'll go. For *Taffeletta*'s Arms
In few days march will reach *Morocco*'s Walls.

If *Crimalhaz* prove falſe, at his Alarms
Muly Labas by a foreign Conqueror falls.
Staying, I tamely periſh; if I go,
I face my Ruin, and I charge my Foe.
It will more like an act of Courage look,
To be by ruin met, than overtook.
But at my ſight perhaps he in my brow
May ſomething read which his high thoughts may bow.
Kings that want Arms, do not want Majeſty.
Heaven is ſtill Heaven, though't lays its Thunder by. *(Exit with Attendants.*
Q. M. Go, eaſie Fool and die, and when you bleed,
Remember I was Author of the deed.
T' enlarge Fates black Records, ſearch but my Soul:
There ye infernal Furies read a ſcrowl
Of deeds which you want Courage to invent;
Of which Hells Legends want a Preſident.

SCENE the Second.

The Scene open'd, is repreſented a Proſpect of a Clouded Syk, with a Rain-bow. After a ſhower of Hail, enter from within the Scenes Muly Hamet, *and* Abdelcador.

Abd. Such ſtorms as theſe, this Climate never knew:
A ſhower of Hails an object ſtrange and new
I fear it does portend ſome dire event,
That waits upon your fatal Baniſhment.
Muly H. My Country, Princeſs, and my King forſook:
Storms to my miſeries like attendants look.
Theſe Tempeſts, Sir, are to my ſufferings due:
When my King frowns, 'tis juſt that Heaven frown too.
But why does my dear Confident intend
In my misfortunes thus to run my Race?
Muſt I in my ſad ruin plunge my Friend?
As drowning men ſink thoſe whom they Embrace.
Abdelc. Do not my friendſhips right forbid. With you
I've been a Conq'rour, why not Exile too?
Shall my eſteem grow faint, or my Zeal leſs,
Becauſe I view you in a meaner dreſs,
Your outward Pomp laid by, and Honours raiz'd?
The Saint's not leſs, although the ſhrine's defac'd.

Enter

Enter Mariamne *with a ſmall Attendant.*

Muly H. Mariamne!
Mar. Yes. And ſhe who led by Love,
Leaves Palaces, and does to Deſarts rove.
Wing'd by that zeal united Souls do bear
Thoſe Stars that ſmile on Lovers, brought here.
I for your ſake my wandring ſteps engage:
Devotion is the riſe of Pilgrimage.
Muly H. Can Love in hearts ſuch deep impreſſions make,
That you can for your wretched Vaſſals ſake
Leave Courts, Pomp, Greatneſs, and all ſplended things?
Mar. Sir, 'tis the ſame with Lovers, as with Kings.
Thus, if a King ſhould with his Train reſort
To a poor Cell, he makes that Cell a Court.
Oh Sir, the moſt Illuſtrious Queen on earth,
Would quit the Pageantry of Crowns and Birth:
And in exchange *Mariamne*'s Exile chooſe,
Could ſhe but Love as *Mariamne* does.
Muly H. Oh my kind Princeſs; King and Court farewel:
Where painted Honours, and feigned Glories dwell:
Lovers when happy made, have Souls that ſcorn
Thoſe guilded wreaths which ſwelling brows adorn.
Mar. Mariamne has his glory on her ſide,
That kindneſs you call Love, I call my pride.
For of my Conſtancy———
Any leſs tryal I diſdain to make
Then ſhew I ſcorn an Empire for your ſake:
And whoſoe'er does my raſh flight condemn,
The meaneſs of their Cenſures I contemn.
None of my Actions can fit Judges be,
But they who've ſoul enough to love like me.
Lovers alone Loves cauſes can decide,
As Nobles only by their Peers are try'd.

Enter to them Hametalhaz, *diſguis'd in the habit of a Prieſt, with Villains in the ſame dreſs.*

Ham. Sir, our great Prophet has pronounc'd your Fate,
Your Love is doom'd to be unfortunate,
Muly H. No Sir, 'tis falſe, thou doeſt belie his Name:
Prophet is a Lover as I am.
Ham. Your Miſtreſs too muſt your misfortune find.
Muly H. To her our Prophet cannot be unkind.
a Princeſs.

Ham.

Ham. No titles his eternal will confute.
Muly H. She is a Women, and he ſcorns to do't.
Did not thy Garb protect thee——*Mahomet*
To wrong her Sex his greatneſs would forget.
Ham. No Sex is from ill deſtiny debar'd.
Muly H. She is a Beauty, and that name's her guard.
Good fates as due ſhould be to Beauty given:
Beauty which decks our Earth, and props his Heaven.
When Heaven to beauty is propitious,
It pays thoſe favours it but lends to us.
Ham. Oh, do not Sir, their Oracles decry,
With patience hear the Language of the Sky.
Heaven when on Earth ſome change it does fore-ſhew,
Does write above what we muſt read below.
This morning, as our Eyes we upward caſt,
The deſart Regions of the Air lay waſt.
But ſtrait, as if it had ſome penance bore,
A mourning garb of thick black Clouds it wore.
But on the ſudden ——
Some airy Demon chang'd its form, and now
That which look'd black above look'd white below:
The Clouds diſhevel'd from their cruſted Locks,
Something like Gems coin'd out of Chryſtal Rocks.
The ground was with this ſtrange bright iſſue ſpread,
As if Heaven in affront to Nature had
Deſign'd ſome new-found Tillage of its own;
And on the Earth theſe unknown Seeds had ſown.
Of theſe I reacht a Grain, which to my ſenſe
Appear'd as cool as Virgin-innocence:
And like that too (which chiefly I admir'd)
Its raviſht Whiteneſs with a touch expir'd.
At the approach of heat, this candid Rain
Diſſolv'd to its firſt Element again.
Muly H. Though ſhowers of hail *Morocco* never ſee,
Dull Prieſt, what does all this portend to me?
Ham. It does Portend——
Muly H. What?
Ham. That the Fates——deſign——
Muly H. To tire me with Impertience like thine.

Here a Company of Villains in Ambuſh from behind the Scenes diſcharge their Guns at Muly Hamet, *at which* Muly Hamet *ſtarting and turning,* Hametalhaz *from under his Prieſts habit draws a Sword, and paſſes at* Muly H. *which paſs is intercepted by* Abdelcador.

delcador. *They engage in a very fierce fight, which the Villains, who alſo draw and aſſiſt* Hametalhaz, *and go off ſeveral ways fighting; after the diſcharge of other Guns, heard from within, and the Claſhing of Swords, Enter again* Muly Hamet, *driving in ſome of the former Villains which he Kills.*

Muly. H. Dye Slaves and may this deſart raiſe a brood
Of unknown Monſters from your venom'd Blood.
My Princeſs gone, Fortune and Juſtice are
Sure not ſo blind, but they of her took care.

Enter Abdelcador.

Abd. Your Princeſs, Sir, is from your Arms divorc'd,
In her own Chariot to *Morocco* forc'd.
Muly H. I'll fetch her back, though———
Abd. Hold! with their fair prize, they've took ſo quick a flight,
That ſhe is now beyond your reach and ſight:
And the chief leader of thoſe Villains, was
The old Queens Confident, *Hametalhaz.*
And all the ſtory which the ſlave did frame,
Was only to gain time to take his aim.
They choſe that Garb as what might beſt prevail,
To gain your Patience, and their Swords conceal:
But miſſing of your Blood, your brave Eſcape
Chang'd his intended Murder to a Rape.
Muly H. Hell and Damnation, theſe curſt Traytors ſeize.
But why againſt ſuch Barb'rous Savages
Do I in vain theſe uſeleſs curſes name;
They are ſuch Brutes, that they want Souls to damn?
No 'gainſt my ſelf I ſhould my curſes bend,
Coward ſo ill my Princeſs to defend.
Abd. Oh Sir, do not prophane your Conqu'ring Sword,
Their Numbers were too great to be o'er-pow'r'd.
Muly H. Now, Numbers! *Abdelcador*, you miſtake;
No Sir, where Love and Beauty is at ſtake,
True Lovers of their Swords ſhould make ſuch uſe,
As angry Heaven of Threatning Earth-quakes does;
To ſhake whole Kingdoms, make proud Cities fall,
Not to o'erthrow one ſingle Criminal.
Had they been thouſands more, and each man there,
More fierce than Luſt, more valiant than Deſpair,
I ſhould have fought till I my Princeſs freed,
Though I had waded through the blood I ſhed.

Abd.

Abd. Sir, the laſt words ſhe ſpake that reacht my Ear,
Were, that ſhe did your paſſions raſhneſs fear:
And therefore from me bid you underſtand,
'Tis your kind *Marjamne*'s laſt command;
You ne're ſhou'd ſee *Morocco* more, leſt there
You ſhould endanger what ſhe prized too dear.
Muly H. And am I baniſht by my Princeſs too?
Fates, ye have done all the ill your powers could do;
Great minds the Pride of Prodigals have learn'd,
At loſs of power or Crowns are unconcern'd;
But when they're Miſers, 'tis in Love alone,
Then their hearts rend to ſee their Treaſure gone.
Condemn'd never to ſee *Morocco* more!
Thus am I doom'd to quit all I adore:
As prophane Sinners are from Altars driven,
Baniſh'd the Temple to be baniſh'd Heaven.
Horror and tortures now my Jaylors be,
Who paints Damnation needs but Copy me;
For if mankind the pains of Hell e'er knew,
Tis when they loſe a Miſtreſs as I do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Third, the SCENE a Tent.

Enter Queen Mother, and young Queen.

Q. M. No more, dear Madam, *Crimalhaz* diſtruſt,
The Emperor has found him kind and juſt.
His Entertainments and his Oaths have prov'd,
He has not from the paths of Honour mov'd.
And to appear extravagantly great,
He makes a ſplendid Mask his this nights Treat.
Y. Q. I've been an Actor in ſuch Comick ſport,
When in my Father *Taffaletta*'s Court.
He took delight i'th' repreſented ſpoils
Of *Cyrus*, *Cæſer*, and *Æneas* toils.
Q. M. Has Marriage and a Crown ſo chang'd your Will,
You could not act your youthful Paſtimes ſtill?
Could you your greatneſs for one night perſwade
To lay by Majeſty for Maſquerade.
Y. Q. I never yet did any thing ſo ill
I ought to leave, or good that is not ſtill:
I ſeem inconſtant if you think me proud;
Inconſtancy the guilt of th' untaught crowd.
Madam, I dare do any thing to ſhow
T'a Throne I change of place, not paſſions owe.

Q. M. I can't ſuſpect a goodneſs ſo Divine.
Well Madam, ſince you fancy the deſign,
For your diverſion, and your Kings, I'll ask
This Boon, that you'd in perſon grace the Mask.
What Character and part you ſhall preſent,
We will conſult of farther in my Tent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King and Hametalhaz. Scene *continues.*

King. Murder'd this night and ſleeping did you ſay?
Hamet. Yes, if for your eſcape Heaven finds no way.
King. My Entertainments ſince my being here,
All ſhows of Loyalty and Friendſhip bear.
But does he in that garb his guilt diſguiſe
To take my Life by ſuch a baſe ſurprize?
Hamet. Goodneſs may in mens very looks be track'd;
But Traytors rarely look like what they act:
Nor is this Treaſon *Crimalhaz* firſt Crime:
Your Fathers blood was ſacrific'd by him.
King. By *Crimalhaz* my Royal Father kill'd?
Hamet. That Poyſon which your Father drank, he fill'd.
King. Poyſon'd! How was this murder hid till now,
And by what arts was it diſclos'd by you?

Enter Queen Mother.

Q. M. That were too long to tell: th' unhappy Son
This night too muſt the Father's Fortune run.
King. Is there no Policy nor Art that may
Prevent his Treaſon?
Q. M. Yes I've found the way.
Accept my Councel, to preſerve my Son,
I'll ſave your Life, your Empreſs, and your Throne.
King. But how?
Q. M. To you this night he does a Mask preſent,
A ſmiling Prologue to his black intent.
And the intrigue of this Dramatick ſport,
Is *Orpheus* his deſcent to *Pluto*'s Court,
To fetch *Euridice* from th' infernal ſhade;
On this Foundation I've this ſtructure laid.
I have in your name given out ———
To ſhun the trouble of the formal ſtate,
Which does upon your Royal Perſon wait;
That this nights pleaſure may be freer made
Your ſelf and train will be in Maſquerade.
Your death being not deſigned before you ſleep,
Till then you this will undiſcover'd keep,
And that your flight may be more ſafe and free,
Your ſelf and your fair Queen ſhall Maſquers be:

You ſhall act *Orpheus*, ſhe *Furidice*.
When by the Mask deſign'd by Hells Command,
Furidice is given to *Orpheus* hand,
You the laſt entry ſhall his ſhape aſſume,
And in dumb ſhow enter in *Orpheus* room.
Her then you ſhall lead out, and in that ſhape
Paſs through the Guards, and to the Town eſcape.

Ham. The Watches orders are not ſtrict, you may
Without diſturbance at all hours find way.

Q. M. And that he may not miſs you till you're gone
Beyond his reach, I, when the Mask is done,
Will keep the Revels up, till you're ſecur'd
From his ſharp malice, and his ſharper ſword.

King. Bravely contriv'd.

Q. M. The Maskers, who already are deſign'd
To act thoſe Parts, are mine: and them I'll bind
To ſilence: That this ſafely may be wrought,
She ſhall to mine, you to his Tent be brought.
They muſt be kept aſunder for our work. [*aſide.*

Ham. How many Devils in one Woman lurk. [*aſide.*

King. Madam in vain your pity bids me fly,
I am in duty bound to ſtay and die;
Knowing how ill your kindneſs he'll requite,
If he ſhould find you Author of my flight.

Q. M. Leave that to Providence: but grant he ſhould——
He would not attempt a Womans Blood.
At laſt when he conſiders how 'twas done,
A Mothers piety to ſave a Son.

Hamet. I'll lead you where you may all eyes eſcape,
And privately put on this borrow'd ſhape.

Q. M. But in diſguiſe, ſee not one word you ſay,
Leaſt ſpeaking you the Emp'rors voice betray.

Enter young Queen.

Your Empreſs here? I muſt inſtruct her too.

King. I by our Loves conjure you to purſue
What her kind Counſel orders to be done; [*to the Y. Q.*
To ſave your ſelf, a Husband, and a Crown. [*Ex. K. and* Ham.

Y. Q. What task is that ſo ſtrictly he enjoyns?

Q. M. This night the Traytor *Crimalhaz* deſigns
To raviſh you; and when that fact is done,
To kill your Husband and poſſeſs his throne.

Y. Q. Oh my Amazement!

Q. M. Being inform'd what part
You act, by his accurſed Luſt enraged,
He with the Masker ſubtly has engaged,

His shape in the last entry assume,
And seize you in the supposed *Orpheus* room.
Then he will rudely snatch you from the place,
And basely force you to his foul embrace.
And at that instant, your dear Lord shall bleed
By murderers appointed for the deed.
Whilst with the noise of drums, and trumpets sound,
Your out-cries, and his dying groans are drown'd.

Y. Q. Inhumane Monster! such a bloody Fact
No mortal sure can think, much less dares Act.

Q. M. 'Tis but too true: but since——
No other force this Treason can withstand;
It is your Husband, and your Kings Command,
When the bold Ravisher seizes you, to take
This brave resolve for your Vertues sake;
Where both your honour and his life's at stake.
In your defence to act your own Champions part,
With your drawn Dagger stab him to the heart.

Y. Q. Could Fate——
This office on no hand but mine confer?
A Queen, a Traytors Executioner.

Q. M. You have no leisure to dispute the deed:
You must resolve with Courage, and with speed.

Y. Q. I'll do't. And tho' it misbecomes my hand;
Yet at my Vertues, and my King's command,
Through all my veins I feel a manly heart:
And this Heroick act looks brave and great.
Methinks I hear loud Fame already sing,
She nobly sav'd her honour and her King.

Q. M. Fame in this Deed our Sex will higher prize,
Proving our Arms Victorious, as our eyes.

Y. Q. Yes Ravisher, meet your intended prey;
Meet her, but meet your death too way.
To strike my dagger home——
Love and Obedience shall that strength supply,
Which Nature does t' a female Arm deny. [*Exit.*

Q. M. Let those, whom pious Conscience awes, forbear,
And stop at Crimes because they Vengeance fear.
My deeds above the reach and power aspire.
My bosom holds more Rage, than all Hell Fire. (*Exit.*

THE

The Mask.

The Scene open'd; is presented a Hell, in which Pluto, Proserpine, *and other Women Spirits appeared seated, attended by Furies; the Stage being fill'd on each side with* Crimalhaz, Hamet, Q. Mother, *and all the Court in Masquerade: after soft musick, Enter* Orpheus.

Orpheus Sings.

The groans of Ghosts and sighs of Souls,
Infernal ecchoes and the howls,
Of tortur'd spirits cease:
A gentle Gust
Has all things husht;
And hell in spite of Vengeance is at peace:
Whilst ravisht by my warbling strings,
The Vultures moult their wings;
The Furys from their heads will shake
Each useless snake;
The Scorpions lose their Stings,
And hell it self forget their Tyrant Kings.

Pluto Sings.

Whence mortal does thy Courage grow,
To dare to take a walk so low?

Orpheus Sings.

To tell thee God, thou art a ravisher.
No tears nor Prayer
Your unresisted will controuls,
Who commit force on Vertue, Rapes on Souls.

Pluto Sings.

Dares a weak animal of mortal race,
Affront a God to his face;
And of a Crime impeach a Deity?
Thy breath has damn'd thee, thou shalt die.
For your God and honours sakes,
Unlose your twisted crests of snakes:
Into his breast those swift tormentors fling,
And his tortur'd entrals sting.

Proserpine Sings.

Oh Sir, his fatal doom recall,
Dispel your furious anger;
Let not such noble worth your Victim fall:
Be kind both to a Lover and a Stranger.

Attendant Sings.

Oh Pardon, Pardon what his height of Love discovers,
Rage is a venial sin in Lovers.

Proserpine Sings.

Then gentle stranger tell;
What fortune has befell,
That brings a Lover down to hell.

Orpheus

Orpheus Sings.

I have a Mistress in your Sphere,
Forc'd from my Arms
By deaths Alarms:
My martyr'd Saint brings me a Pilgrim here,
My fair Euridice, *my fair* Euridice.

Proserpine Sings.

Unhappy wanderer which is she? Oh which is she?

Orpheus Sings.

If a gentle Ghost you here,
Complaining to the winds, and sighing to the Air;
Breathing an unregarded Prayer:
If she in faint and murmuring whispers cry,
Orpheus, Orpheus, *oh I die,*
Snatch'd from Heaven and thee,
O that is she.
Oh take me down to her or send her back to me.

Pluto Sings.

Shall Lovers idle prayers disturb my ear?
Mortal we've serious business here.
Your tiresome story pleads in vain;
Be gone.

Proserpine Sings.

But with thee thy fair Treasure take,
Releast by Love from that eternal Chain,
Which destin'd Kings and Conquerors cannot break.

Pluto Sings.

No, fond man, no, who comes within my power,
From death and hell returns no more.

Proserpine Sings.

If Hells strict Laws have never alter'd been,
Let us be kind and now begin.
Revoke her angry doom,
That when on Earth they come;
To th' wondering world he in soft Ayres may tell,
Mercy as well as Justice rules in Hell.

Pluto Sings.

Your Love does with success implore:
Conduct her in, but in such state,
As fits the Court of fate;
And to his hand the fairest Guest restore,
That ever landed on the Stygian shore.

Proserpine Exit, *and Re-enters with the young Queen dress't for* Euridice.

Orpheus.

For this ſignal Grace to the world I'll declare,
In Heaven, Earth, and Hell, Loves power is the ſame.
No Law there nor here, no God ſo ſevere,
But Love can repeal, and beauty can tame.

Chorus.

For this ſignal Grace to the World I'll declare.
In Heaven, &c.

Here a Dance is performed, by ſeveral infernal ſpirits, who aſcend from under the Stage; the Dance ended, the King offers to ſnatch the young Queen from the Company, who inſtantly draws her Dagger, and ſtabs him.

Y. Q. Take that raviſher. [*ſtabs him.*
Q. M. Hold.
King. By my *Morena*'s hand! [*undiſguiſing himſelf.*
Y. Q. Muly Labas! [*Faints away, and falls into the hands of ſome Women, who run in to her aſſiſtance.*
[*Here all the Maskers undiſguiſe, and run into the Kings aſſiſtance.*
Q. M. My Son kill'd by her hand!
Crim. Call my Phyſicians. Bid my Guards appear.
The Emperor ſtab'd, the Queen his Murderer!
King. Have I for this a too fair Saint admir'd?
And with a more than common Love inſpir'd,
Rais'd my bold thoughts ſo high to engroſs your Charms;
And bounded my Ambition in your Arms?
And muſt I die as depos'd Angels fell;
'Cauſe they aſpir'd, and lov'd their Heaven too well?
My death *Morena*, a leſs pain will be,
Than 'tis to think I owe my death to thee.
Have I leſs kindneſs from your hands than eyes,
For they have given me gentler wounds than theſe?
Your hand, 'tis true, has your adorer kill'd.
'T has reacht his heart, but not the Love it held.
Your Image cannot from my Soul retire;
My Love's immortal though my life expire. [*Dies.*
[*Here the young Queen being revived before the laſt words of the King, turns and kneels to him.*
Y. Q. Oh my dear Lord! ſtay gentle Soul! Oh ſtay!
Rude death ſtand off: his life too great a Prey!
But oh he's gone.
His raviſht Soul is mounting to the Skys:
But I'll ſend mine to o'retake it as it flies. [*Offers to ſtab her ſelf, but is detain'd by* Crimalhaz; *and the dagger ſnatcht from her.*

Y. Q. Why does your cruelty my hand debar,
From being a Traytors Executioner?
Good, gentle, kind, give me the dagger back;
For mine—for his—for Heaven—and Juſtice ſake.
Cannot my tears and prayers your heart o'recome?
If my requeſt appear too burdenſome,
Grant this one ——— that pointed ſteel reſtore,
And I'll not live to ask you any more.

Q. M. Oh cruel Queen, what has your fury done?
That made you loſe a Husband, me a Son;
This Realm a King, the World a Virtue, grown
Too fit for Heaven, but not to go ſo ſoon.

Y. Q. Mother, it does a much leſs wonder ſeem,
That I've kill'd him, than that you blame the crime.
Was it not you that arm'd me to this guilt,
Told me I ſhould a raviſhers blood have ſpilt?
No 'twas by your deſign my Husband fell;
You in the Maſque have over-acted Hell.

Q. M. Alas! ſhe raves. See how her rage begins,
But madneſs always uſhers in great ſins.
This is no news to that which ſhe has done;
She was diſtracted e'er the Maſque begun.
Alone I ſaw her in a poſture ſet,
As if ſhe thought of ſomething high—and great—
Strai't with a more than common rage inflam'd,
She mov'd---ſtar'd—walk'd---ſtorm'd—rag'd—curſt---rav'd and damn'd
With a diſtorted look ſhe tore her hair ———
Unſheath'd her dagger--and gave wounds to th' air--
Her face diſclos'd grew to a deep red,
As if her looks preſag'd that blood ſhe ſhed.
Then with an infant rage, more ſoft and mild,
She plaid with madneſs, leap'd, danc'd, ſung & ſmil'd.
Why did not Heaven this Myſtery unfold? ———
Her frantick rage, his death too plain foretold.
Had I foreknown you did this blow deſign,
To ſtrike his heart, you ſhou'd have pierc'd thro' mine

Y. Q. Think you there is a God, or have a Soul,
That on my ſcore dare ſuch falſe crime enroul?
I'ſt not enough that my dear Lord I ſlew,
But muſt be actor and deſigner too?
No, barb'rous ſtepmother, 'twas you alone
Guided by that hand that kill'd your King and Son.

Q. M. Obſerve how idly her wild fancies walk,
But ſhe who acts ſo ill, as ill may talk.
Who'd think a thing ſo young, ſo ſoft, and fair,
Could be ſo kind a Husbands murderer?

But see when Heaven commands its gifts away,
The Wits and Sences lost, the Soul may stray.
Y. Q. Oh perjur'd Woman, how can you invent
This feign'd disguise to appear Innocent?
Q. M. 'Tis pity fate such beauty should misplace,
So stain'd a heart, and yet so fair a face.
Y. Q. Impostor, speak (if Conscience have a seat,
In Traytors breasts) was it not you whose cheat,
And cunning did my fatal hand engage,
At once to a Murder and a Sacriledge?
To kill my King, and rob mankind of more
Vertue, than e'er dwelt in one breast before.
Q. M. Divert thy Frenzy Child, some other way.
Oh, my dear Daughter, try if you can pray.
Y. Q. How she disowns that blood which she has spilt!
Treason with her is but a modest guilt.
Q. M. Our presence will but raise her Passion higher,
T' allay her frantick rage, let us retire.
But of your Queen see that strict care you keep,
Wait her to her repose, try if she'll sleep.
Sleeping, some Angel may be kind,
And in a dream to her thoughts her guilt present,
That when this fit is o're she may repent.

Here the Attendants carry off the King, over whom the Young Queen weeps.

Y. Q. Heavens, since from you the power of Monarchs springs,
Sure you were bound to have had more care of Kings.

[*Exeunt all but Q. M.* Crimalhaz *and* Hametalhaz.

Q. M. Now in her death we must some way invent,
That of his blood we may seem innocent.
First let her face with some deep poys'nous Paint,
Discoloured to a horrid black be stain'd.
Then say 'twas as a mark of Vengeance given,
That she was blasted by the hand of Heaven,
And as a publick Spectacle expos'd,
Let her be in a burning pile inclos'd.
And whilst the clouded air reeks with the smoak,
Hire a Magician by his art to invoke
A train of Devils, who in dreadful forms,
Waited by Earthquakes, Thunder, Winds, and Storms,
Shall rove i'th' Air, and with loud ecchoes houl;
As if they watch to seize her flying Soul.
Thus will men think, 'twas only she that fram'd
This Treason, and that for the deed she's Damn'd.
Crim. Bring back the Queen —— E'er I see Justice done,
I with *Morena* will converse alone.

Enter Guards leading in the young Queen.

Great Empreſs ſtay, and hear my ſtory too, [*diſcourſes in whiſper with the Qu.*
How much I for an injur'd Queen dare do.

Ham. The Emp'rors acting of the Maſquers part,
His murder, and the management, your art;
And her feign'd madneſs to our wiſh ſucceed.

Q. M. And more than this to have ſecur'd the deed,
Had not her hand ſtruck home to back her Crime,
The Surgeons I had brib'd to poyſon him.
'Tis not the blood of Sons nor Monarchs ſhakes
Thoſe reſolutions which my Courage takes.
O'er fear and vertue too, I have this odds:
My will's my King, my pleaſures are my Gods.

[*Exeunt Q. M. and* Ham. Manent Crimal. *and Y. Queen.*

Crim. Since I'm a Monarchs Heir, may I not own,
An equal title in his Love as Throne?
If you'll accept ſo mean an offering,
You ſhall not want a Lover nor a King.
My kindneſs ſhall ſupply ——

Y. Q. Hold, do you mean,
This offer'd ſervice to an injur'd Queen?
How Sir? is my dead King ſo far remov'd,
That I'm paſt remembrace that I lov'd?
Admit new Courtſhips, and with the ſame eye,
Behold a murderers Soveraign Ghoſt ſtand by.
I thought your profer'd kindneſs had been this,
To've ſentenc'd me to mix my blood with his.
To've told me I ſhould die, and dying have
The happineſs of ſleeping in his Grave.

Crim. Death is guilts due. Yours is a gentler doom;
You may enjoy my Throne, but not his Tomb.
I know your Innocence and Vertue. You
This fatal deed from ſome falſe Copy drew
And I begin to think your Mothers heart,
Has Poyſon in't, whate'er her looks impart.
But to revenge a Murder'd King, I'll ſound
This Treaſon, till the utmoſt depth be found;
And to ſuch pains the Authors I'll condemn,
That to the world I'll your loſt Fame redeem.

Y. Q. A Kings revenge ſo brave an act will be,
That you'll at once oblige both Heaven and me.
And his bleſt Spirit in the Skies muſt owe,
A debt which he has left unpaid below.

Crim. That trifling ſcore one ſmile from you will quit.
And ſure you are ſo kind to pay his debt.

Y. Q. My thanks are granted e'er your Suit is heard.
Crim. I muſt have more than thanks for a reward.
Y. Q. The glory of the deed requites the pains.
Crim. But glory only in your favour Reigns.
Y. Q. That breath I cannot, muſt not underſtand.
Crim. Love needs but little art to be explain'd.
Y. Q. Love! ſtop that barb'rous breath. In a new Love,
I ſtab his Image, and prophane his duſt.
Crim. But not to love your Champion is unjuſt.
Y. Q. Your ſervice I accept, your love take back.
Crim. None hate the giver whom the preſent take.
Why can't your heart———
Y. Q. —Why can't your arm revenge
A King, without my heart paid in exchange?
Know though you baſely trade with Loyalty,
My Love my Kings revenge does over-buy.
Go, mercenary man, I will reſign
His Vengeance to the hand of Heaven, not thine.
Crim. Let ſuch harſh words be by tame Lovers born,
My paſſion is too rough to bear your ſcorn.
Y. Q. [*Aſide.*] And muſt my heart at ſuch a price be ſold?
Thy ſeat uſurpt before thy blood is cold?
This was thy right, and tho' thy death I gave,
Who lov'd the Martyr will the Relicks ſave.
My heart by none but thee was ever won.
I'll guard the Trophy, tho' the Conqu'ror's gone.
But ſtay ——— this Grant is to revenge thy blood,
And on that ſcore no Offering's too good.
I ſhould ſcorn Love, Life, Honour, Empires, ——— all
To ſtrike their heads whoſe Treaſon wrought thy fall.
Can you on no leſs terms my King revenge? [*to* Crim.
Crim. No ſecond thoughts my reſolution change.
Since all I act is only for your ſake,
Love muſt accept thoſe offers love does make.
Y. Q. Well Sir, my heart is won. Your Siege remove,
I condeſcend to any thing—but Love. [*Retreating from him.*
Reſign that heart that's his—
Heavens, ſhall I live to act ſo great a Sin!
To right a Monarch muſt I damn a Queen?
Be gone! I hate thee now worſe than before.
Deſcend to thee? No, I that thought abhor.
And though his blood does loud for vengeance call,
I know he'd ſcorn his Queen ſo low ſhould fall.
Tho' I have loſt a King, I'm not ſo poor;
The Temple rais'd, the ruins I'll adore.

Crim. My Love's too fierce long Sieges to attend:
You've lost a Servant, and your King a Friend. [*offers to go.*
T. Q. Stay—No, be gone I scorn thee — Yet, Sir, stay,
Hopes of Revenge so much my passions sway;
That what would I not do for Justice sake.
Where the assault's so strong, here Conqu'ror take— [*Gives her hand.*
Crim. Oh my best hopes——— [*Kisses her hand.*
T. Q. My——Friendship—— give my Love!——
My Love my Soveraigns right I rate above
The ransom of a World; and if thy hand
Does not perform what his loud wrongs demand;
Thou art his Murderer.
Crim. But when you see that Murderer wear his Crown,
You shall too late repent your haughty frown. [*offers to go.*
T. Q. Hold, e'er the pleasures of Revenge I'll want,
Invader, here whate'er you ask I'll grant.
Crim. Oh Charming Excellence!
T. Q. But Sir.
Loving too soon, I shall convince the faith
Of men, that I design'd my Husbands death.
Crim. 'Tis true, some marks of sorrow should be worn
To please the World; I'll give you time to mourn.
T. Q. When you've appeas'd his Ghost, and th' angry pow'rs
Above; and to his sacred memory
My last debt's paid, all that I am is yours.
Crim. My Vow's the same. First to revenge I'll fly,
With Traytors blood I'll entertain your eye.
E'er you're my Queen, and wear a second Crown.
I'll build a Scaffold first, and then a Throne. [*Exit.*
T. Q. I've found the way: Oh my dear Lord, tho' now
Death does embrace what to my arms is due;
I'll keep—
My Vow to him, and Love to thee entire.
No second King shall to this Throne aspire. (*points to her breast.*
To thee my last debts payment shall be this,
I'll die—and dead all that I am is his.
In thy revenge when I've triumphant stood,
On Traytors necks amidst a Scene of blood;
Morena's hand shall wash the stain she wears;
As condemn'd men turn Executioners.
To expiate thy blood I'll let out mine,
And triumph in my fall, who mourn for thine.
Then with a gentle gale of dying sighs,
I'll breath my flying Soul into the Skyes.
Wing'd by my Love I will my passage steer,
Nor can I miss my way when you shine there. (*Exit.*

ACT

ACT the Fifth.

Enter Crimalhaz, *attended as King.*

Crim. THough on the blood of Kings my Throne I've built,
The world my glories sees but not my guilt.
Mysterious Majesty best fits a Throne.
They vertuous seem whose vices are unknown.
Men have ador'd and have made Offerings
To unknown Gods, why not unknown Kings.

Enter Hametalhaz.

Ham. Your Guards are set, your Forces on the Walls,
And in the Streets are rank'd in fighting forms;
Expecting when the martial Summon calls,
And *Taffaletta* this proud City storms.
For our last Scouts which newly are come in,
Tell us th' assault will in few hours begin.

Crim. I thank him for this War he has begun,
The number of my Foes enhance my Crown.
It does a worth on Kings as Beauty set,
To have our Rivals numerous and great——
But is the imprison'd Princess, whom your Sword
Ravisht from *Muly Hamet*'s hand, secur'd
From the Worlds knowledge—

Ham. Royal Sir, I have—
The pride to be her Jaylor—and her Slave. [*aside.*

Crim. *Muly Hamet* and *Mariamne* are the last
Of the Imperial Race that have not past
To th' other World, to make me room in this.
But tho' your hand did of his murder miss:
Howe'er his exile has restrain'd his power:
And her I have conceal'd within the Tower.
But should she be discover'd, and I found
Her Jaylor, her restraint would horrid sound,
I am not safe then till I see her dead,
You therefore shall present me with her head.

Ham. [*Aside.*] *Mariamne*'s head presented by my hand!
I'd first strike his that gives me that command.
For since that beauteous Pris'ner was my charge,
Her Charming Image did my Soul enlarge.
At the approach of so Divine a Guest,
I've shook my late familiars from my breast;

The

The thoughts of Mischiefs, Villany and Blood;
By her fair Eyes inspir'd I dare be good. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen Mother.

Q. M. Tho' your designs have met so great success.
Do not forget I was your Patroness;
And she to whom you made this solemn Vow. [*To* Crim.
That I should share that Throne I rais'd you to.

Crim. The highest seat in all but Monarchs breasts
Should be the highest of Passions, Love possest.
But Kings in so sublime a Region move:
They have concerns that must take place of Love.
My Subjects call for Vengeance and I must
To the dead King before my Love be just.
Then give me leave to prosecute his death,
First wear the Cypress, then the myrtle wreath.

Q. M. Bring in the Queen—
If she delay our Love,
Let out her blood and those weak bars remove.

Enter Guards bringing in the young Queen.

Muly Labas his Queen and Murderer,
To expiate his death you are summon'd here.
To prove how much the World by you has lost,
And what attonement's due to a Monarch's Ghost.

Y. Q. Yes, Madam, when great Princes die, I'd have
Their Majesty kept up beyond the Grave.
Such streams of Blood should for their murders pay;
Their Ghosts should have a train as great as they.

Q. M. See Sir, she begs her death as a reward:
Use Charity, do not her Bliss retard. (*to* Crim. *aside.*

Crim. In common murders blood for blood may pay:
But when a Martyr'd Monarch dies we may,
His murderers Condemn; but that's not all;
A Vengeance hangs o're Nations where they fall.

Q. M. No tedious Introductions to her death:
Good Sir, make haste, more business and less breath.

Crim. Who wears his Crown can best defend his Cause.
I'll on his murderer execute such Laws,
The rigour of my Justice shall declare,
How high I rate that Majesty I wear—

Q. M. No Prologues to her death, let it be done;
I could have kill'd ten Queens while you are judging one.

Crim. Therefore to prosecute his death——

Q. M. Speak home.

Crim. I on his murderer must pronounce a doom——

Q. M. No mercy, be severe.

Crim.

Crim. ——— As may express,
can't do more, nor can his blood ask less.
Guards, I on you that Office do confer,
Obey my orders, seize this murderer. (*Here the Guards*
Thy poyson'd Husband, and thy murder'd Son: *seize* Q. M.
This injur'd Empress, and *Morocco*'s Throne,
Which thy accursed hand so oft has shook,
Deserves———
A blow more fierce than ever Justice struck.
Q. M. Inhumane Villain, Monster, Devil—— (*Struggling in the*
Crim. Silence her fury, stop her poyson'd breath; *Guards.*
And check her growing outrage by her death.
But since to me you've been so kind to impart,
Some favours, and a Title in your heart:
In gratitude and honour, you shall have
This mercy, to walk gently to your Grave.
Bid my Physicians a strong draught prepare,
And leave her Execution to their care.
Q. M. Ungrateful Slave!
Crim. Go, I'll not hear her plead,
No Arguments shall save a Traytors head.
All his revenge demanded, I have done; (*to the* Y. Q.
Perform your Vow, accept my Love and Throne.
Q. M. Hold Sir----I ask not life; such acts of Grace
Your bounty may on little sinners pass.
My sins are but too Capital,——My Son,
And poyson'd Husband---What have I not done?
So many Treasons and such bloody rage,
Would sink an Empire and defame an age.
No sound but deaths harsh name, my Soul could daunt:
Now all my Sins my frighted Conscience haunt.
Guilt only thus to guilty minds appears:
As Syrens do to drowning Mariners:
Seen only by their eyes whose deaths are nigh.
We rarely see our Crimes before we die.
And now they're seen, I'm with such horror struck;
They seem so large, I dare not upwards look,
Where's all my Confidence and Courage driven?
Guilt ne'er grows bashfull till it thinks of Heaven.
Tho' I want power to ask for mercy there,
I will look down to beg my pardon here. (*Kneels to Y. Q.*
Fair Innocence, I for your pardon sue,
T' a condemn'd Traytor, but a Mother too:
Let her repenting sighs her griefs impart;
Who thus---Offers her tears---and thus---thy Heart.

(*Stabs the young Queen.*

Die

Die Rival---and die Traytor--- (*Runs to stab* Crim. *but being stopt by the Guards, stabs her self.*

---Then die thou.

Crim. Morena kill'd,

Q. M. Yes, Sir, and I'd have done the same for you.
But since my dagger has so feebly done,
Missing thy breast I've sent it to my own.
If some kind Devil had but took my part,
I'ad pierc'd thy bosom, as I've done thy heart.
Curse on weak Nature which my rage unman'd,
A masculine heart link't with a female hand.
My Stars had been more just had they design'd
Me less of Hell, or less of Woman kind.

Y. Q. To express my gratitude, thus low I bow: (*to Q. M.*
Murder was ne're an act of Grace till now.
Your courteous arm retrieved mine from a guilt,
Morena's hand, *Morena*'s blood had spilt;
Had not that stroke more kindly been decreed,
You ne'er did act a Mother, till this deed:
Here----I perform my Vow--- (*To* Crimal. *giving*
When I've resign'd. *him her hand.*
My Soul to him---take---all I leave behind.
Thy death, dear Saint; reveng'd, and mine so near,
Such charming objects to my thoughts appear:
In hopes I shall meet thee, my joy's so high,
Methinks I visit Heaven before I die.
My mourning Soul ne'er durst one thought encline,
To sense of Joy, till it drew nigh to thine.
Heaven's Blisses are a prize Love only wins,
Where my life ends my Happiness begins. (*Dies.*

Q. M. Is this your thanks for all her Love has done!
Who staked her Soul, to raise thee to a Throne.
Durst you, Perfidious Villain, with one breath,
Pronounce her Coronation and my death?
But I've remov'd that Rival: thanks to me;
Her wandring Soul is mounted to a Cloud,
But you may Court her still---in Heaven---if she
Can hear so far, and you can talk so loud.

Crim. Tho' against me your rage had just pretence;
Yet how durst you assaut such Innocence?

Q. M. Let single murders, common hands suffice:
I scorn to kill less than whole Families.
In all my Race, I nothing find that's ill;
But that I've barren been; and wanted still
More Monarchs to dethrone, more Sons to kill.

My

My actions are ſcarce worth memory,
And I'm yet too Innocent to die.
Had but my hand perform'd thy murder too,
I ſhould meet death with ſmiles upon my brow.
But oh my ſpirits faint——yet I have breath,
Enough to make a prayer before my death,
If there be ſuch a place as yields abodes,
To Souls that ſcorn the Company of Gods:
May I in Hell, hell's greateſt Torments bear,
Provided 'tis thy doom to meet me there. [*Dies.*

Crim. Infection ſtick upon thy blaſted name,
Thou foile to monſters and thy Sexes ſhame. (*to Q. M.*
But here my heart to pity does encline; (*to the L. Q.*
Till now I ſmil'd at blood, but ſigh for thine.
Vertue farewel, I could bewail thy Fate——
But 'tis a Cowards crime to grieve too late.
Fury's the mourning garb great Spirits wear,
From this day for thy ſake no lives I'll ſpare.
I will ſend thouſands to attend thy ſhade,
Luſt made me King, Love has a Tyrant made,
Remove thoſe breathleſs objects, thoſe dumb ſhows
Of Majeſty; now I'll for deeds prepare:
This morning muſt begin and end a War.
Kind *Taffalet* does for my preſence call,
I am invited to his Funeral.
The little Champion with impatience waits,
To beg a Tomb before *Morocco*'s Gates.
And rather than his lingring fate delay,
I'll with my Army take a walk that way.
His heat of blood, and luſt of Crowns ſhall ceaſe;
Laſht to a Calm and cool'd into a Peace.

Enter Hametalhaz *in haſte, a ſound of Trumpets heard from within.*

Ham. Your Army's routed e'er the War's begun,
The City taken and your Empire won.
And this ſurprizing Conqueſt is not gain'd,
By *Taffalet*'s, but *Muly Hamet*'s hand.

Crim. Muly Hamet from his baniſhment return'd!

Ham. Yes, at the News of the Emp'rors death concern'd;
That his great Maſter was by you betray'd:
He came to *Taffalet* and frankly made
A proffer of his Sword: which brave demand
Was by the generous King thus entertain'd.
Welcome brave Friend; *Muly Hamet* was ne'er taught
To back, but head thoſe Armies where he fought.
That Fame and Glory then which waits on thee,
Shall ne'er be leſſen'd when you fight for me.

With me, brave youth, thou shalt my forces lead,
And fight my equal in my Army's head:
When to your startled squandrons he appears
Taffalet's General, who late was theirs.
Their former love renew'd, such changes wrought,
That they forgot the Cause in which they fought.
A sudden Clamour Ecchoed through the Throng,
Which *Muly Hamet*, *Muly Hamet*, Rung.
By their own hands the Gates were straight pul'd down,
And he in Triumph marcht into the Town.
They paid to him what to their King they owe;
And proudly now aloud proclaim him so.

Crim. Draw up my forces, rouse my Guard, I'll try,
Who's the successful Rebel, he, or I.
I'll write my Vengeance in whole streams of Blood,
Fortune take your free Choice, be ill or good;
I dare your worst: ———
Yet I deserve to be your Favorite.
Tyrants are kind, to those they cannot fright. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Muly Hamet, *and Attendants with drawn Swords, after a sound of Trumpets.*

Muly H. My cause subdues more than my Sword, the Town
Does at my feet their prostrate Arms lay down.
Conquest sounds best, and glory brightest shines,
Where Loyalty, not Force, the Lawrel wins.
Lead to the Palace, thro' the Guards I'll break,
And to th'usurper I'll in Thunder speak.
To the infernal shades I'll send a Ghost,
Stain'd with more sins than all their Hell can boast.
His blood dear Prince, shall pay for shedding thine.
No Cause so just, no rage so fierce as mine;
Where Loyalty and Love the fuel bring,
A ravished Mistress and a murder'd King. (*Exeunt.*

(*The Trumpets continue sounding, and dashing of Swords is heard from within.*

Enter Crimalhaz, Hametalhaz, *and Attendants, with drawn Swords as pursued.*

Crim. And *Muly Hamet* fighting in their head.
Ham. Fly quickly, Sir, see where your Guards lie dead.
The furious *Muly Hamet* leads 'em on,
Whose Fortune, and whose Sword has wonders done.
Your Guards hew'd down, He by no force withstood;
Comes now this way to sacrifice your blood:
He with such fears your shaking Palace fills,
That with the horror that he brings he kills.

Crim.

Crim. In this long Story, all I can deſcry,
Is, my Crown's going and my death draws nigh.
No, 'tis common Thunder ſtrikes me dead:
I've a retreat yet left to ſave my head. (*Trumpets ſounding.*
I by this hand my ſinking Throne will ſtay,
And raign to Morrow, tho' I fly to day. (*Exeunt.*

The SCENE Changes.

Enter Muly Hamet, *and* Abdelcador *Attended.*

Abdelc. Kind *Taffalet*——
Concern'd to owe this Conqueſt to the Charms
Of your Victorious preſence, not his Arms:
Scorning to wear that which his Arms ne're won,
Frankly ſurrenders you *Morocco*'s Crown.
Muly H. Well generous Princes, this offer'd Crown——
With thanks and envy ſhall accepted be;
I'll be a Monarch to act deeds like Thee.
Here Mariamne *appears from the Balcony above.*
My Princeſs the bright Charms thoſe eyes convey,
Compleat the imperfect Triumphs of this day:
It does a larger happineſs afford,
To have a Miſtreſs, than a Crown reſtor'd.
Here at your feet, kind Providence has thrown
Your baniſht Lover, and your raviſht Crown.
Your influence, and my Arms ſo happy prov'd;
Th' uſurpers Scepter's to your hand remov'd;
His blood, when he his forfeit Head dares ſhow,
Shall pay what to your Brothers duſt I owe.
Enter to her Crimalhaz *into the Balcone.*
Mar. My Jaylour here.——
Crim. Though I am faln ſo low:
My fortune loſt, I may a Begger grow.
This mercy does on generous ſpirits wait,
You always pity the Unfortunate——
And on that ſcore I'll beg one modeſt boon;
I'll only ask you to reſtore my Crown.
Muly H. Thanks Heaven, the only man whoſe head I want.
Crim. Do not thank Heaven, for what it cannot grant.
My head, fond man, is for thy reach too high;
I from this Caſtle thy weak arms defie.
Immur'd within the walls of this ſtrong Tower,
I am ſo ſafely Guarded from thy power;
That I dare tell you, yes and boldly too,
This head you threaten ſhall be Crown'd by you.

Muly H. What means this impudence ———
Crim. To end the ſtrife ———
I ask a Crown a ranſom for her Life. (*draws and points his Sword at* Mariamne's *breaſt.*
Muly H. Here I my baffled hopes of Vengeance loſe:
To right my King my Miſtreſs I expoſe.
Crim. I know your Paſſion has a tye ſo great,
That for her ſake you'll quit the Imperial ſeat.
I knew your Vertue is ſo ſtrong, that if
You ſwear you will protect my Crown and Life,
You'll keep your Vow: Swear then by all thoſe powers
Which the Religious World fears and adores,
To quit your claim to Empire; Swear you'll make
Me Monarch in that Throne which you'll forſake,
And with your blood you'll Guard that Throne you give;
If ſo; your Miſtreſs ſhall have leave to live.
Tho' you quit Empires, you ſhall meet theſe charms
To ſleep, and dream of Kingdoms in her Arms.
If not, prepare to ſee her amorous breaſt,
Give entertainment to this Iron Gueſt.
To this your anſwer.
Muly H. Savage Infidel,
Monſter, there's not a hand on this ſide Hell,
That dares attempt that Deed; there's not one Dart
In Heaven, that would not ſtrike the Murd'rers Heart,
Before his hand ſhould touch her ſacred Breaſt.
Crim. Since you are with ſuch Heavenly Faith poſſeſt,
To think ſhe has Champions in the Skies; I'll try,
Who's the beſt Executioner, Heaven or I.
Muly H. Hold barb'rous, cruel, hold your murd'ring hands;
Think on the Vengeance which that Crime attends:
Think what a fierce revenge I for her ſake,
Will on my Princeſs bloody Murd'rer take.
Mar. Hold *Muly Hamet*, let his rage go on.
Can you but think of fear when I've none?
Crim. Tortures and Wracks will prove a vain deſign:
That hand that ſheds her blood ſhall let out mine.
Speak quickly then, e'er words will come too late:
My Crown reſtor'd, you'll yet redeem her Fate.
Muly H. My Lawrels, Crowns, and Empires are all yours.
Crim. Swear then.
Muly H. I ſwear by the eternal powers,
For her Life's ranſom I this offering make:
Morocco and your Crown I'll give you back.
To my laſt blood I will your life defend,
In Wars your Champion, and in Peace your Friend.

Crim.

Crim. A ſilent Grotto, and a ſhady Grove,
Are far more proper Scenes than Thrones for Love.
And though your hand and hers no Scepter bears,
You Lovers may get Kings to be my Heirs.
Mar. I'll bind my vow by the ſame powers you ſwore.
I'll to a thouſand deaths my life expoſe,
Before I will one inch of Empire loſe.
'Tis not, bold Slave, my threaten'd death can make (*to* Crim.
My Female fears my right t' a Throne forſake.
Heir to a Crown, tho' you ſo fierce have been,
Mariamne ſcorns to die leſs than a Queen.
Crim. So briſk young Champion! have at thy heart.
Muly H. Stay, Sir. Oh cruel *Mariamne* can you part
From Love and Life to rob the world and me?
Mar. No, *Muly Hamet*, a worſe ſtain 'twill be
To have my Crown reſign'd, than my Blood ſpilt.
I of the two will chooſe the leſſer guilt.
Fame never ſhall in Hiſtories expreſs,
Born to be great I yielded to be leſs.
Muly H. If you aſpire to greatneſs, that I'll grant:
Your *Muly Hamet* Empires cannot want,
Whilſt he poſſeſſes you, and wears a Sword.
And if our *Africk* does no room afford;
I'll travel then to ſome remoter Sphear,
Till I find out new Worlds, and Crown you there.
Mariam. 'Tis Honour and not Crowns that I eſteem.
And ſhould I baſely yield my Throne to him;
My name and ſtory would but poorly ſound.
Who rais'd a Murd'rer and a Rebel Crown'd.
No, if at worſt I by this Traytor die;
Adore my Name and love my Memory.
Yes mighty man, perform this Valiant part, (*to* Crim.
Bravely and boldly pierce a Female heart:
Let ſtory boaſt, you this great deed fulfil'd;
Your manly hand an unarm'd Woman kill'd.
Crim. Since you at ſcorn and daring are ſo good,
I'll feel your Pulſe, and try your heat of Blood.
Guards fire the Caſtle.
And while that burns I'll a new ſhape aſſume:
I'll Sport and Revel with more pleaſing Charms,
Than *Nero* when he ſung to burning *Rome*.
I'll ſing my Funeral Obſequies in theſe Arms;
I'll raviſh her ———
Then throw my ſelf and her into the fire,
And arm in arm together we'll expire.
Burn, Burn the Tower.

Enter

Enter Hametalhaz, *in the Balcony with the Guards, who ſeizes* Crimalhaz *and diſarms him.*

Ham. Before this Tower does take fire, you'll want a head.
Crim. *Hametalhaz* ſtand off; am I betray'd!
Ham. I have no time to anſwer your demands:
Deliver him to *Muly Hamet*'s hands.
The higheſt triumph my weak Arm e're gain'd,
Is to preſent this Princeſs to his Hand.
[Crim. *is forced down by the Guards.*

Muly H. Her life preſerv'd and he the inſtrument!
What miracle of Honour has fate ſent?
Sure Heaven acts Wonders! Wonders, no 'tis none———
What have the higher powers to do but to take care,
Of ſo much Vertue and a face ſo fair?

Enter Crimalhaz *below, led in by Guards.*

See him convey'd to Execution ſtraight:
He as he roſe in blood, in blood ſhall ſet.
Crim. Since I muſt die, and die condemn'd by you:
Hear Heaven, for I ne'er troubl'd you till now.
So may my body rot when I am dead,
Till my rank duſt has ſuch Coutagions bred:
My Grave may dart forth Plagues, as may ſtrike death
Thro' the infected air where thou draweſt breath.
Others may fancy pleaſures more divine,
I know not where: this ſhall in Hell be mine;
To think when dead I yet can death Convey,
And what my Arm can't act my Aſhes may.
(*Exit Guarded with* Abdelcador.

Enter Hametalhaz *leading* Mariamne.

Muly H. My dear and beſt life, welcome: By thy hand,
My Crown, my Happineſs and Heaven regain'd.
What myſtick bleſſing does my fate purſue,
To ſee her ſav'd and ſee her ſav'd by you?
Ham. Oh do not at this myſtery admire:
Nothing is ſtrange which Beauty does inſpire.
To puniſh Treaſon and preſerve a Throne
Are due to *Mariamne*'s eyes alone.

When

When to his hand I gave that beauteous prize,
Deſign'd for his ambitious Sacrifice:
When her hard fate and her bright Charms I ſaw,
Theſe did my homage, that my pity draw.
Something ſo kind I to that face did pay,
That to ſerve her I could my truſt betray.
Had I been born a Prince, and, in that name
Like you, erected trophies to her fame:
In all things then I had your Rival prov'd,
And confidently told her that I Lov'd.
But wanting worth I wanted words, and choſe
This way my ſpeechleſs paſſion to diſcloſe.
I would defend what I could ne'er enjoy,
And break all bears that did her Peace deſtroy.
But I too late reſolv'd a flight ſo high:
I cut my wings before I thought to fly:
Too quick to work, too weak to prop her fall.
My penitence could not my ſins recal.
Till this bleſt moment and your influence gave
Her dangers and his inſolence a grave.

Muly H. Such honour and ſuch Love! I am Conquer'd here,
My deeds and paſſions are below thy Sphear.
But as your worth, your power ſhall out-reach mine:
Subjects my Homage pay, but Monarchs thine.
(*Embraces him.*

Ham. Tho' Heaven by me her threaten'd life ſecures,
And ſaves her blood to be allay'd to yours.
Deſpair not, Friendſhip, yields to that hard task;
I bravely give what I durſt never ask.
Hold Heart while I this Treaſure do reſign,
And Crown her bliſs with that which ruins mine.
I periſh at her feet whom I adore,
The greateſt Wracks are neareſt to the ſhore.

Mari. Such Language may by chaſteſt ears be heard,
Your Love I admire, and he reward.
A nobler paſſion Story never writ,
That turn'd a Traytor to a Proſelyte.
Thou beſt of Converts,

Muly H. And of Rivals too.
Sir, as a Tribute to your Vertue due,
All honours merit in a Court, can meet,
And a kind Monarchs Love, lie at your feet.

Ham. Hold, that great act of mercy muſt not paſs,
Let not your firſt days Reign a King diſgrace.

Of ſuch high bounty I'm unworthy ſtill:
My good Acts have not yet out-weighed my ill.
No——
To ſome far Country,
I from thoſe Eyes for ever will remove,
I cannot ſtand the ſight of hopeleſs Love.
Pilgrims, whoſe Zeal's more bleſt tho' leſt Divine.
Go meet their Saints, but I muſt flie from mine. [*Offers to go.*

Muly H. Stay I conjure you; ſtay, you ſhall, you muſt:
You've made me great; let me not be unjuſt.
Speak what command, what power, what Crown you'll chooſe.

Ham. Crowns, no, ſuch little favours I refuſe.
None but the place you hold my wiſh can bound.
But ſince I have your free offer to be Crown'd,
It is accepted: I a King will be,
And of my Reign make this my firſt decree,
This Criminals Baniſhment, and to purſue
My ſtate, a Conqueror and a King like you;
To whate'er place my wandring ſteps incline,
I'll fancy Empires for I'll think her mine. [*Exit* Hamet.

Here the Scene opens, and Crimalhaz *appears caſt down on the Gaunches, being hung on a Wall ſet with ſpikes of Iron. Enter again* Abdelcador.

Abd. See the reward of Treaſon; death's the thing.
Diſtinguiſhes th' uſurper from the King.
Kings are immortal, and from life remove,
From their lower Thrones to wear new Crowns above:
But Heaven for him has ſcarce that bliſs in ſtore:
When an uſurper dies he reigns no more.

Muly H. My Juſtice ended: now I'll meet a Crown:
Crowns are the common Prizes I have won.
Thoſe are entail'd on Courage. No, 'tis you
Can only yield a bliſs that's great and new.
The charm of Crowns to Love but dull appears:
Reigning's a whole life's toil, the work of years.
In love a day, an hour, a minute's Bliſs,
Is all Flight, Rapture, Flame and Extaſies.
Love's livelier Joys ſo quick and active move;
An Age in Empire's but an hour in Love. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.